

Liberty Bell

1915



Liberty Bell
Liberty Union High School
Brentwood, California

Class Colors
Black and Orange

Motto
Let There Be No Ill Will

Flower
California Poppy

Class Officers
—
Roy Freichs, President
Blanche Inett, Vice President
Frances Brunn, Secretary and Treasurer

To the
Board of Trustees
This 1915 Number of
Liberty Bell
Is Respectfully Dedicated

In Memoriam
William Shafer

Faculty

J. J. Martin, Principal
Mathematics, History, and Latin 1

Mr. C. C. Clark
Woodwork, Forge, and Mechanical Drawing

Miss H. Domonoske
Commercial Branches, Latin 11, and Mediæval
and Modern History

Miss E. Anthony
Ancient History, Domestic Science and Chemistry

Miss L. Gehring
German and English

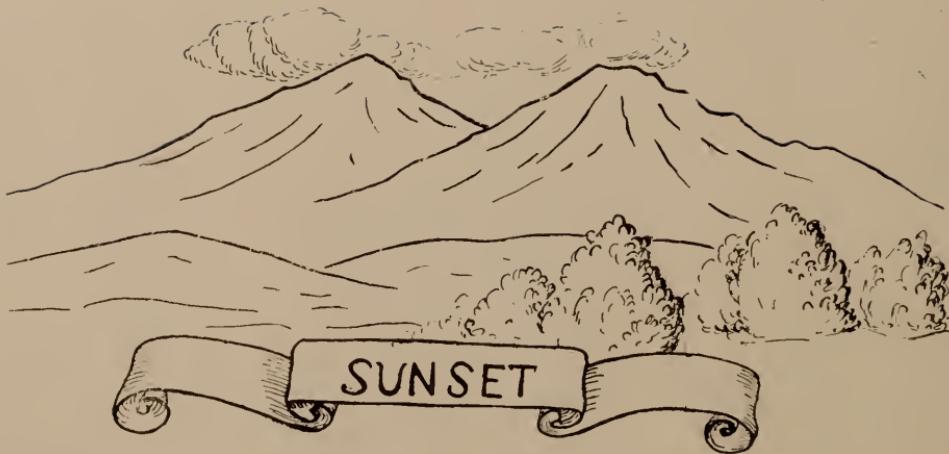
Mrs. M. E. Gates
Free Hand Drawing

Trustees

W. P. Howard, President
Joseph Prentiss
B. W. Burroughs
John Geddes
Robert Wallace, Clerk

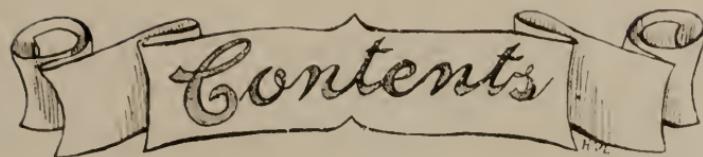
Commencement Program

Invocation.....	REV. C. G. LUCAS
Song.....	SCHOOL
Salutatory	MR. JOE HAND
Piano Solo.....	MISS ZILLA COOK
Address.....	HON. FREEMAN H. BLOODGOOD
Vocal Solo	MR. L. V. RICHARDSON
Class Will	MISS NEVA SHEDDRICK
Vocal Solo	MISS LINDA GEHRINGER
Valedictory.....	MISS BLANCHE JUETT
Piano Duet	THE MISSES FOTHERINGHAM
Presentation of Diplomas	MR. J. I. MARTIN
Class Song	GRADUATING CLASS
Benediction.....	REV. C. G. LUCAS
DANCING	



*Silently o'er the mountain stole
A soft grey cloud tinted with gold;
And down behind two purple peaks
Sank the sun that never sleeps;
But on the morrow with glories unfurled,
It will rise again to brighten our world.*

by Ruth E. Lent. '18



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The Graduating Class



BLANCHE JUETT



FRANCES BROWN



ELLA WURZ



NEVA SHEDDRICK

Liberty U. H. S.

1915

The Graduating Class



JOE HAND



ALVIN HOWARD



ROY FRERICHS



WALTER SWIFT

Liberty U. H. S.

1915



Exhibit of work from Manual Training Department
of Liberty Union High School.

EDITORIAL

Editorial Staff

Blanche Juett, Editor-in-Chief

Frances Brown, Associate Editor

Neva Sheddick, Society Editor

Joe Hand, Business Manager

Walter Swift, Associate Manager

Harold Collis, Alumni Editor

Polly Barkley, Girl's Athletics

Edward Hevey, Boy's Athletics

Roy Frerichs, Cartoonist

Neva Sheddick, Josh Editor

Alvin Howard, Exchange Editor

Poor old Annual! It seems as if our Annual has a new name nearly every year. In 1913 the Student Body itself named it the Liberty Bell and it was then decided never to change it again, but last year's class named it "LUX." This year we have resumed the former title and hope to see it remain unchanged in the future.

Our boys are doing splendidly in Manual Training and Blacksmithing and our girls are doing some very creditable work in sewing.

Our latest feature is the Cooking Department. The trustees had a neat little bungalow built especially for this purpose and had it equipped with all the necessary utensils, including many electrical appliances. The girls enjoy taking cooking under the able instruction of the head of that department and the boys certainly

enjoy the girls' dainty viands which are concocted in the kitchen.

We have more school spirit this year than last. The boys surely have awakened and are not going to let the girls get ahead of them in athletics. They put a strong football team in the field, tying for third place in the C. C. A. L. Schedule and are also taking up baseball and are going in for the track meet. The girls of the basket ball team showed splendid spirit and team work. Both boys and girls have very good basket ball teams, and have won the championship pennants for 1915.

The Editor wishes to thank all who have so willingly assisted her. The staff has worked very diligently and the school has generously contributed to the success of this book.

We wish to thank the advertisers who have so cheerfully patronized us.



CLASS '05

Edith A. Sellers (Mrs. Herbert French), an accomplished pianist, resides in Salinas.

CLASS '06

Anna O'Hara is teaching school in Pittsburg; Roy Heck is employed by Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden of San Francisco; Effie A. Chadwick (Mrs. Ray Bonnickson) resides near Byron; Hattie Russell (Mrs. O'Banion) in Oakland; Pearl Grove (Mrs. Henry Sellers) near Knightsen; Fern V. Cummings in Berkeley; Vern Howard is farming on Marsh Creek; George Barkley, now a full fledged lawyer, is deputy county clerk in Martinez; Bertha Sanders (Mrs. Arthur Biglow) resides in San Francisco.

CLASS '07

Alma Allen resides with her parents near Escalon; Harold Swift is employed in Arizona; Enna Goodwin (Mrs. Earl Shafer) resides near Oakley; Johanna Gruneninger (Mrs. Joe Jesse) in Oakley.

CLASS '08

Leonard Dainty is a successful farmer on Marsh Creek; Millard Difflin is a hustling young rancher in the same neighbor-

hood and in his leisure moments has shown great skill at baseball; Addie Knight (Mrs. Meeum) resides in Berkeley.

CLASS '09

Edna Heck (Mrs. Ralph Crowther) is principal of the Brentwood Grammar School; Bessie Collis is keeping house for her father in Brentwood, Edna Heidorn is principal of the grammar school in Knightsen; Iva Bonnickson resides with her mother in Berkeley; Willie Morgans, after an attack of serious illness, is endeavoring to regain his health under the watchful care of his mother in Brentwood; Robert Wallace is a very successful farmer near Brentwood.

CLASS '10

Chas. O'Hara, James and Joseph Barkley are students at U. C., Berkeley; Ray Shafer has returned to his studies at the College of the Pacific after a rest of one semester; Rose Miller (Mrs. Eugene Wilson) resides in San Jose; Claude Wristen, Arthur Sheddick, William Cakebread, DeWitt Richardson, William Murphy and Ellis Howard are successful farmers in their respective neighborhoods; Camille Sresovich is cashier and bookkeeper for the Pittsburg Aluminum Co of San Fran-

isco: Margaret White resides in Vacaville.

CLASS '11

Frank Helm is shipping clerk for Wm. Cluff of San Francisco; Van Prince, a skilled machinist, is employed by Holt Bros., Stockton; Marguerite Geddes is a junior at U. C.; Morgan Schroeder is managing the home place near Oakley.

CLASS '12

Esther Dainty has been teaching the Deer Valley school for the past two years; Olive Siple has been teaching the Iron House for two years; Katie Murphy is primary teacher in Brentwood; Jessie Johnson (Mrs. H. J. Wood) resides in San Francisco.

CLASS '13

Judson Swift is attending Polytechnic

Business College in Oakland; Richard Wallaee is assistant cashier in the Brentwood Bank; Edith Cakebread will finish her course at the San Jose Normal in June; Myra Pearce (Mrs. Simpson) lives in Berkeley; Elaine Wallaee is her mother's most efficient helper at home in Brentwood.

CLASS '14

Esther Murphy is attending San Jose Normal; Mary Parenti and Mae Pemberton are attending Western Normal at Stockton; Susie Dickinson is attending San Francisco Normal; Aileen Porter has recently completed a business course at Polytechnic Business College, Richmond; Henry Plumbley is attending U. C.; Everett Lemoin is attending Polytechnic Business College, Oakland; Harold Collis is employed by Balfour-Guthrie Co., Brentwood.



BRENTWOOD NEWS

VOL. XI, No. 50

BRENTWOOD, CAL., JUNE 1, 1925

ALVIN HOWARD, Editor

REFORM PARTY

TRIUMPHS AT LAST

Miss Juett Elected Mayor — Radical Reforms Proposed

In the election of Miss Blanche Juett to the mayoralty of Greater Brentwood, the Progressive Reform Party has triumphed at last. Miss Juett is a young woman of sterling character whose greatest pride is her native city, Brentwood. The city may hope for great things.

Possessing a large heart and a great pity for all dumb and suffering animals, Miss Juett has promised to found a home for invalid and indigent cats and dogs. We hope this project will win the approval and hearty support of all the citizens of our beautiful city, as it is one of the greatest philanthropic movements of the age.

She also proposes a striking reform in the public schools. She wishes the teachers to provide a dainty repast for each class. The wisdom of this reform Miss Juett learned in her high school days. She vividly remembers the hours when she sat suffering the pangs of hunger, while she patiently awaited the sound of the bell which would bring to her the much desired article.

These are only two of the great number of reforms which Miss Juett will bring to pass. Again we wish to repeat that the city may hope for great things.

TO HONOR BRENTWOOD

Beautiful Star to Give Performance in City of Her Birth

Miss Neva Sheddick, the beautiful young star, is to make her appearance in Brentwood next week at the Brentwood Opera House (nee Coates' Hall) in her famous play, "The Flirt."

Her stage career has been one of continued success. Her dazzling beauty and sweet personality have endeared her to many, to say nothing of the charm of her wonderful acting. Miss Sheddick's rooms are always a bower of beautiful flowers. Many suitors have sought her hand, but she has steadfastly announced her determination to remain true to her art.

"The Flirt" is one of the most popular plays of the season. It ran for ten months at the Maxine Elliot Theatre in New York, and Miss Sheddick closed her engagement there to appear in her native city, Brentwood. She is to return to New York when her present engagement is ended.

NEW BOOK APPEARS

A new book has just made its appearance from the pen of the brilliant young author, Joe Hand. The title of the book is "Strolling." Mr. Hand has contemplated this book for some time as he gathered most of his material from his experiences during his high school days. "Strolling" has become very popular and is much in demand.

"Sliding Through" is another book by Mr. Hand, also very popular, especially among high school and college students.

Other books by Mr. Hand are "Popularity With the Girls," "The Single Man," and "The Athlete."

BRINGS PUBLIC TO HIS FEET

Roy Frerichs Biggest Laugh in Bing-Bing's Circus

Mr. Roy Frerichs, a former resident of Brentwood and vicinity has scored one of the biggest hits of the season as chief clown in Bing-Bing's Circus. He impersonates Tom Thumb and other diminutive figures. He is the children's favorite and the little ones scream with delight when their funny friend appears on the tankar.

Although Mr. Frerichs is at his best as a clown, he is a skilled tight-rope walker. It is thrilling indeed to see the slender figure in purple tights make his way swiftly and carefully across the tent upon the tightly stretched wire. People hold their breath for fear he will fall, but they do not know the cool nerve and the firm footing of the man high up in the air with nothing between him and death but his feet.

Brentwood will soon have a chance to see Roy perform, for Bing-Bing's will appear in this city early in September.

EDITORIAL

ALVIN HOWARD, Editor

We wish to call the attention of the public to the rapid growth of our beautiful city and also of this, our news scatterer, especially after we took hold. We remember our high school days in dear old Liberty Union.

In those days Brentwood was only a village and the NEWS was printed once a week. Now Greater Brentwood is second only to San Francisco. The NEWS is one of the leading dailies and Liberty Union is among the greatest schools in the State. And we are editor of the NEWS. Also please notice the good fortune of all our classmates.

WANTED—By an old maid, some one to love me. Apply to Ella Wurz, 23 Prune Avenue, Brentwood, Cal.

BRILLIANT WEDDING OF POPULAR COUPLE

Miss Brown and Mr. Hoggenheimer Plight Their Troth

A wedding of great interest took place in Brentwood last evening. At a brilliantly appointed ceremony Miss Frances Brown became the bride of Mr. Egbert Hoggenheimer. The wedding took place in the new Congregational Church on Chestnut Avenue.

The church was beautifully decorated with marigolds and potato plant. Preceded by her attendants the charming bride, upon the arm of her father, swept up the aisle to the altar, where the unfortunate groom awaited his doom.

Miss Brown was exquisitely gowned in a charming creation of the new yellow lace over red satin. A veil of yellow mosquito netting completed the costume. The groom wore the conventional suit of blue silk crepe embroidered in pink sweet peas.

Miss Alicia Hoggenheimer attended her future sister-in-law as maid of honor, while the Misses Joy Heartbreaker, Helen Street and Marjorie Love acted as bridesmaids. Mr. McGrath Alexander was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Weary Willie, Erasmus Jones and Rancey Speed.

After the ceremony a reception and dinner was attended by the many friends of the couple at the magnificent Brown residence on Liberty Avenue.

Following a honeymoon spent in Oakley the happy pair will reside in Knightsen where Mr. Hoggenheimer is head of the Pork Trust.

HEAVY LOSS IN EXPLOSION

Work of Many Years Destroyed When Chemist Forgets

A violent explosion, which took place in the laboratory of Walter Swift, the well known chemist, destroyed one of the greatest discoveries of the century. For several years Mr. Swift has been working upon a gas by means of which students could obtain their lessons without study.

He was deeply absorbed when a cry from his infant son caused him to drop everything and run to the rescue, but alas! after removing the heat from under the flask he forgot to remove the delivery tube from the water and, bang! the valuable work was destroyed.

But Mr. Swift is of a persevering nature and will begin at the beginning. In a few years he hopes to present his work to the public.

Ella Wurz '05



Opening of the P. P. J. E.

With beauty and grandeur, the world's greatest fair,
Emblazoned in glory, with setting most rare,
Looking out to the sea and the famed Golden Gate
The triumphal door-way of our gold-famous State.
The President at Washington, from executive chair,
Set the great wheels revolving, by spark through the air,
This city of beauty in wonders arrayed,
From memories history never will fade,
Our Australian neighbor from the antipodes,
With Japan and China from the orient seas,
Have erected their temples of beauty and art,
Aiding most nobly in doing their part.
Nations of Europe did graciously share,
In promoting and building our world's greatest fair.
Each one has built a palace most grand,
To exhibit fine arts of their native land.
The States of our Union, and Canada too,
Erected art buildings, antique ones and new,
Filled with exhibits, of art new and old,
With temples of jewels and palace of gold.
Our sister Republics, of the South Hemisphere,
In our great family circle, all have drawn near,
With grand, mission buildings, with facades of old,
In myriad colors finished in gold.
This gathering of Nations, famous history will make,
May it forge ties of friendship, that never will break.

Blanche Juett, '15.



Felix Frankfurter's Bride

Felix Frankfurter was a butcher as you well may know by his title. A short girl with red curly locks and a little turned up, freckled nose entered the butcher shop one day, with her wobbly, bowlegged dog, Needles. She and Felix were very well acquainted. The first day Felix met her ne said to himself, "There's the girl for me," and straightway proeceedel to court Sapphire. Finally he asked her to become his wife. The day of their marriage approached and all was in readiness but no Sapphire appeared. Felix waited and waited and waited which was about ten minutes, and finally growing impatient he started in the direetion of Sapphire's nome to find her if he could.

Meanwhile Sapphire, who had decided that she cared nought for marriage, fled to the feed stable and there hid in the barley bin. As she sat there all huddled up Felix's voice could be heard through the

craeks calling, "Sapphire! Sapphire! My darling, for the love of Mike appear, and make me a happy man once more."

Sapphire upon hearing the sad and sorrowful voice of Felix began to weep. When the rooster, who was pieking up kernels of barley near by, heard the sobs, he became frightened and broke the speed limit. He hurried from the place, making sneh a noise that Felix's attention was drawn at once towards the bin which concealed his sobbing Sapphire. At a glance he had taken in the situation. Then lifting the lid, he helped out his long, lost love, brushing the barley from her hair while doing so. She sobbed out her troubles on his spotless white vest, which was no longer spotless. "Well Pet, brace up and we'll have a wedding after all," he comforted, pressing her hands.

Ruth Lent, '18.



The Freshman Class

In our class are just eighteen,
Seniors treat us awful mean,
Take our shoes off, pull our hair,
If they hurt us they don't care.

Let me tell you of our class
We're not all as green as grass,
Some are pretty bright you know
And the mark they always toe.

Ruth in drawing is a shark,
And of genius has a spark,
Minerva who has cheeks like roses,
During English po'ms composes.

Carl at the shop does work,
And his English likes to shirk,
While in Algebra every day,
Mabel is our chief mainstay.

Ned Maegurn is a fiend at spelling,
What he gets there is no telling,
Kate at typing is some swell,
For she surely does it well.

Jack Suffren is the high school tease,
And with girls seems quite at ease,
Herschel Miller is quite coy,
And with the girls a popular boy.

Muriel is some class at sewing,
And in her brain is knowledge stowing,
In shorthand Esther breaks the speed,
And in the class she takes the lead.

Ransom always knows his History,
How he gets it, is a mystery,
Smart in German is Georgia Nunn,
And she think's it's lots of fun.

Mya does work at the shop,
When he begins he hates to stop,
Stanley in English is very good,
And can always be understood.

Homer is never in a hurry,
His motto is "I should worry."
Now, this is enough of the Freshies dear,
We hope their traits are made quite clear.

Virginia Lent, '18.

Extracts From a Boy's Correspondence

Brentwood, California,
April 2, 1914.

Deer Bill:—Gosh, but it's lonesome since you went away, don't seem like nothin's the saim. Yestiddy was April Fools and we had a great time, but I kinda wish we hadn't. I aint been able to set down sence about six o'clock last nite, when pa got home.

Well, you know them to white kittens your ma gave mine when she went away? Well you know the darn things are always gettin my dog in trouble, the one I got from Red Elkins. They pest and tease around him and you know he's a good dog but theres some things he can't stand and eats is one, and so he lights out and chases em, and then when ma comes out and sees her kittens stuck upon the fence with their tales swelled up and there eyes poppin out and jest spittin like the fire when you throw water on it, why she ties poor Spotty up and then tells pa, and pa says: "Gues we'll have to get rid of that dog."

So yestiddy, that crosseyed Smith kid and me, we got those kittens and tied there tales together and slung em over the close-line, then I hollered to ma to come and see the airship and jest as she got to the back doore I yelled "April Fool!" and beet it. Say, you oughta seen them cats! I thought they liked each other but the way they went to it when they was slung over that close-line you'da thought they sure had it in for each other. They clawed and spit and seratched and bit and there was white hare aflyng in every durection. Ma didn't ask where the airship was, just yelled, "Oh my poor kittens!" and I didn't wait to hear no more, but crawled through the hole in the fense and hiked through the back alley to school.

You know that the new girl with the long hare sets in front of me now. Well

she's a kinda niee kid, gave me some gum last week, but she's awful stuck on herself and loves that brade of hare more than anything. Keeps switchin it around in my face all the time, so yestiddy I picked it up reel quiet, took my gum out of my mouth (it was the wad she gave me too) rapped it around the end of her brade and then plastered it down to my desk. Gosh, I never knew gum would stick so. Well she sat still long enuf to let it git hard then the teecher called on her to read. She tried to git up but that brade was stuck fast and so she stuck. The teecher asked what was the matter but she never sed a word, jest started in to cry and then the teecher came down to see what was the matter. When she found out she jumped on me rite away never even asked who done it or nothin, and there I was studyin just as hard as you please. She gave me an awful lickin but that girl howled louder than I did when the teacher sed she guessed she'd have to cut the end of her hare off, she jest bellered like a young calf and all that fuss over a measly old brade of hare. Gosh aint girls the queer things?

Well when I got home for lunch I walked in like nothin had happened, but I was shakin in my boots. Ma's eyes was kinda red and she says, "Robert," (you know ma means business when she says Robert, its generally Bobbie.) "Robert I shall tell your f-ther on you and he will punish you when he comes home this evening." I kinda wished she'd waited till after lunch because I couldn't eat much then but she didn't say anything more.

Nothin happened in the afternoon ceptin that Jack Rhodes got a lickin for langbin at the new girl's hare, she's got about 6 inches cut off. She dont set in front of me no more but it wouldnt matter if she

did, her hare's too short to fasten now and besides I havent any more gum.

But I sure got an awful wallopin from pa that night. I ate supper off the kitchen table, standin up and today the teecher asked me if there was a pin stickin me I wiggled around so much.

But I'll get even with that pesky girl and them darned eats for the two lickins they caused me. Neither eats nor girls is any good no how.

Yours,

Robert B. Ames Jr.

P. S. I forgot to tell you our cow had twia calves yestiddy.—Bob.

P. S. The new girl's mother won't speak to ma now, wimmin is queer as well as girls and eats.—B.

Brentwood, California.
May 12, 1914.

Dear Bill:—Say Bill, maybe you wont believe it, but I've pretty near lerned to dance. You know they have dancing school here now. They have it in the afternoon for the kids and at night for grownups.

Well yesterday afternoon ma dressed me all up, put that darned old collar on that spreads out on my coat (Eton she calls it) and took me over to the dancing school. There was a bunch of kids there, and they looked awful funny, especially the boys. I guess I looked funny too, cause me ears got awful red and felt just like red lamp-shades, and my feet felt awful light and queer in them pumps and silk socks. The girls was having a swell time, sitting around giggling and fussing their hair and looking at the boys.

Well a young lady with a awful tight skirt with ruffles, and high heel shoes and hair slicked back and earrings on come up to ma and ask "Does your little boy want to dance," and I stood up real straight so's she'd see I wasn't very small and Ma says, "Yes, go with the lady dear," and the lady grabbed my hand and started to walk across the floor with me where a bunch of boys were standing. Maybe you think I didn't feel like a darn fool,

and that fat Morse kid grinned all over, I'll swat him next time I see him just to make him grunt he's so fat. Well she takes me up to the bunch, and says to Fatty Morse, "Percy will you try this boy. Its his first time." And I had to put my arm around that fat slob, (he felt just like a sack of flour) and Fatty starts in "One two, one two," and off we goes. Gosh that kid was heavy and he'd land on my foot every time he'd say two. Pretty soon I got sore, and just then we got to the door and I says "Let's go get cooled off," so we went outside and maybe you think I didn't land into that kid. I mussed him up something fierce, and just as I got through we heard somebody comin, and I says, "You better go home, son," so Fat beat it and the young lady come out and says, "Oh here you are Robert, I missed you. Dont you want to come in and dance with some of the little girls?" I didn't want to and besides I was kinda mussed up but she took my hand and I had to. She hiked over to where there was a big mob of the girls, with me tagging after her, and who do you suppose she made me dance with? The kid that had to have her hair cut off 'cause I put gum in it. Gee I was sore. Well I put my arm around her and grabs into the only thing I could find, it was the bow of the ribbon she had around her waist, and we started off. I stepped on her foot just for meaness, first thing and she gives a funny little gasp but don't say nothing. I only wished I'd had on my big boots stead of them pumps. She could dance pretty good so I hangs on to that blue ribbon for dear life and used it for a handle to turn her around with, and every time the rest of 'em turned I'd give that ribbon a yank and switch her around. I sure got even for that lickin she caused me. I just walked all over her feet and twisted that blue ribbon in fifty different directions. And then what do you suppose happened? Well that ribbon came untied and she kept on dancing and there I was hopping around with about fifty yards of blue ribbon in my hand. The fellas just howled and the kid says, "You nasty mean horrid boy you, you've ruined my sash. You aint got

no manners at all. You just pulled it rite off on purpose." And I says, "Aw go on, I was just hanging on to it, you did the pulling yourself." And then the dancing teacher comes up and says, "Why Robert, I'm surprised at you. Give Marie her sash," and I says, "Gosh I don't want the darned thing." She must have thought I wanted it. All this time the fellows was laughing fit to bust and I slams the ribbon down on the floor and starts over to clean up the bunch and I catches my foot in that ribbon and falls flat on the floor. Gosh I was mad. And just then ma comes over and the dancing teacher says, "Mrs. Ames, I think you'd better take Robert home he seems to be rather excited." Excited! Huh! I guess she'd have been excited too if she'd been made a fool of before about fifty people. And then Marie's ma comes rushing up and says to ma, "Madam, your son seems bent upon humiliating my daughter in every possible manner," and ma freezes up and says "I presume it is too great a stretch of memory to recollect that you were a child once." And she takes my hand and says, "come dear lets go home." And Marie's ma just got purple but ma never looked at her, just sails right out and we goes home.

I heard her and pa laughing awful hard after I went to bed that night, but it was no joke I tell you.

Yours,

Bob Ames.

P. S. Ill be darned if I go to that dancing school again, and I gave Red Elkins and Jim Barnes a couple of black eyes today when they says something about blue ribbons.

Brentwood, Cal.
June 28, 1914.

Dear Bill:

Yestiddy was the first day of vacation and I earned a dollar.

You know Uncle Dick, ma's brother that goes to College? Well he came up Friday nite and said he was going to spend his vacation here. He's a kinda decent sort of fella but there's a girl staying at Field's

right next to us, who he used to know and he's awful sweet on her. She's a nice girl but she kisses me and musses my hair and calls me "Bobbie dear" right before all the folks.

Well yestiddy morning I was showin Uncle Dick around the place and you know those twin calves I was tellin you about? Well they was out in the lot back of our house and so was the old cow. The calves are pretty husky now and Uncle Dick says: "Say Bob, ol top les have some sport," and I says, "Sure." And he says, "Go get your little red wagon and a couple of pieces of rope." And so I did and he started out after the calves. They was at one end of the lot and the old cow was at the other. Well he walks up to them calves and ties the ropes around there necks and starts to lead them over to where the wagon was. Did they lead? Well I gess not. The red calf began to run one way and the spotted calf the other just as hard as they could tare. When they got to the end of the roap they fell down and spun around on there jaw bones and nearly jerked Uncle Dicks arms out. But he's as game as they make em and hung on. Well those calves gets up in a jiffy and both starts to run the other way and Uncle Dick gets one roap twisted around his nees and the other around his ankles and then both calves starts off in the same direction and he has to go to. At first he tried hopping, but they went too fast and he trips and stumbles and finally falls down and skates along on his nose. Gosh it was the funniest thing I ever saw. You oughta seen them calves run, and there was Uncle Dick draggin and bumpin along behind 'em. He had swell white flannel pants on, and they was getting all streaked up with grass and dirt, and he had on low shoes and they both got untied and flew off and one bounced up and hit him on the ear. Gee he was the sorest guy I ever saw. "For Lord sake Bob," he yells, "get a knife and cut me loose," and he just swore a blue streak. But I was laughing so hard I couldn't do nothin but just run beside him. Just about that time though the old cow spots 'em and she starts toward

Uncle Dick with her head down and tail a'flyin' and then I got scared cause I thought she'd gore him. So I grabs my knife and cuts the ropes and those fool calves just kept on running and the old cow keeps heading for Uncle Dick. Well I cut the ropes around his feet and knees and then we both starts for the fence liek-ety split. We just got there in time and crawled over as she took a board off with her horns. Well you oughta seen Uncle Dick. All the skin was off the end of his nose and his hair was full of weeds and his face was pretty near covered with dirt and grass stain and his clothes too. The parts of his face that weren't covered were kinda pale yellow color and he was scared stiff. He didn't say nothin' for about five minutes, then he stuck his hand in his pocket and says, "Say Bob this is

yours if you never breathe a word of this to anybody, Marjorie especially." I wouldn't have told her anyway, but didn't tell him so, and I took the dollar and just grinned an says, "Sure."

Last night I heard him telling Marjorie how he bumped into a door in the dark and skinned his nose, and she says, "That's too bad."

But what do you know about it, she saw the whole thing cause she was over this morning and I heard she and ma laughin' about something and I listened and I heard Marjorie say, "Yes I was standing in the kitchen window and saw it all. He bribed Bobby not to tell." Wouldnt that bump you? But I should worry. I got the dollar anyway.

Yours, Bob Ames.

F. B. '15.



Sophomore Class

There are many who form the Sophomore Class,

Many a jolly laddie and lass.

Of these I will now try a little to tell,

So you will know they're coming along well.

Our Virgie has left us, 'tis sad to say.

To go Anacortes, which is very far away.

And now we turn to our classmate, Grace,

Who to use big words think's it's very good taste.

In basket ball Sayde is sure some shark,

And in Geometry always gets a good mark.

Adella always knows her lessons to a "t"

And can recite poetry as fast as can be.

Our Zelma thinks a lot of a certain boy,

And to play the part of Portia is to her a great joy.

But Bertba thinks each boy a beast

And cares for them, no, not in the least.

Studious Fern is adapted to learning,

And her greatest trouble is translating German.

May is always smiling it surely does seem,

And her ambition is to make the team.

Now to the boys and to their sports,

We find them on all sorts of "courts."

In hand-ball Ellis does sure take pleasure,

And no other Soph. can to his skill measure.

In foot ball Aubrey is sure some racer,

He can run and dodge like a "nigger chaser."

Frank has his sport in another way,

He's courting the girls most every day.

In Rugby, Clifford takes interest, they say,

And a clever player he'll be some day.

Sometimes John to school takes a hike,

And Charles comes whenever he likes.

And now, my friends, my tale is ended,

And all my knowledge is nearly expended.

I am a Soph. and proud of the name,

And no doubt you will give me no blame.

Harold Lucas, '17.

Wanted---A Rejuvenator

Personal—A business man of 35 has recently had a bereavement that depresses his spirits and makes office routine most difficult. His physician insists upon a complete change.

What young man, enthusiastic, a lover of sports wishes to undertake the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary's brother?"

"Jones" foots the bills; requisites are refinement, personality, and temperament. Please state qualifications and age. F. 23 Tribune.

The Gloom-man sat in his elaborate library staring into space, when the soft-footed servant brought in a card on a tiny tray, "Bub Phillips," it read, "the answer to your Ad."

He turned to view a saucy, boyish, tailored girl.

Bub seated herself. "I'm Dad's boy and you'll never know me from the real thing if you take me on,—Baseball enthusiast, happy temperament and willing to rejuvenate. Jones foots the bills," is what won me."

As the man sat silently eyeing her, she glanced around and said, "Where's Aunt Mary, shall I transact the business with her?"

The Gloom-man seemed to come back to life again and replied "That's the trouble, she put the advertisement in the paper on inspiration, then received a telegram from home saying, 'Tommy had the mumps' and away she flew, telling me to be sure to select the right applicant. Molly always was the kind of a sister to get a fellow into a mess."

"Aw, never mind, it's you decision that counts, let's proceed. I read the ad and went down to the Tribune office early to await developments. I waited and when your man called for mail F. 23 I followed

him. Personal interview is always desirable. 'If you like-a me and I like-a you,'

And we both like about the same,' she hummed, now the question before the house is, are you respectable? I'm in for a good decent time. Dad's away for three months and he said I could do anything respectable, if I'd keep out of debt and not marry.

"Could you make it a hundred a month? the salary, I mean. Dad said I never could earn that much. And a three months' engagement? Would you for the sake of respectability call for me and take me home each day?"

The man was silent, so she continued, "Am I the rejuvenator?"

"You interest me," declared the Gloom-man, "and I'm respectable, I hope. Yes, I'll meet your terms. Now, I suppose you ought to know what ails me. Well, I was engaged to the sweetest girl on earth, so I thought; she eloped with her chauffeur. I'm broken, nothing interests me, you'll hate me, for it's weak, I know."

"No," she answered softly, "I like you because you care, but don't get cold feet. I couldn't marry you if I would. Let's go to the ball game, I want to see the Oaks win. If we don't count the coin, we can have a jolly time. I'm going home, call for me soon."

He followed her to the library where she turned and said, "I'm sorry about my slang, if you care. Dad says no one would ever guess the money he's spent on my college polish. Say, when I have on my evening gown you can't guess what a polished lady I become. I'm going to call you Cousin Gloom. 'He's a cousin of mine,'" she sang.

The Gloom-man caught her hand and said, "Say, but you are good for the dumps."

She quickly withdrew her hand and said, "None of the clasp stuff, just a good time. Give me twenty minutes, then hump."

The ball game was over, Bub had proved a good fan and as they entered the automobile she took the wheel.

"Bub," exclaimed the Gloom-man, almost with enthusiasm, "let's don our evening clothes and dine at the 'Poodle Dog.'"

She seemed embarrassed a moment, then said, "Oh, rats, its a cinch. We'll go."

They were waiting for the ordered dinner to be served, the glittering lights, the bewitching music and the buzzing voices enveloped them. Bub was demure, transformed; the Gloom-man could not account for the change.

"Bub," he said, "do you believe in dual personality? I believe between the two of you I will rejuvenate." And the man almost smiled.

"No," she replied, "not dual, just different." Then with a bewitching little laugh she rippled, "I am sure it sounds queer, but I even think differently in my evening gown."

Two months have passed. He was again himself. They were returning from the golf links and Bub was at the wheel, breaking the speed law.

"Stop, Bub, let's enjoy the sunset," he rather demanded.

"Ah, chuck it, I'm afraid its the clasp stuff," she said, "but here goes. I'm leased, you know."

She stopped the car under a large spreading oak. He took out a large basket and she saw it, she said "Bully for you, Cousin Gloom."

They had a merry feast and lingered on the slope "to see the sunset," Bub said.

As they started off again, the Gloom-man drew a slip of paper from his pocket and said, "Here's your check for three hundred dollars; it's only two months, but you've earned it royally and now I want to release you and begin again but on a different footing."

Bub looked perplexed and uncomfortable. "I know you mean well, but I can't take it all, I haven't earned it, its the sum I named and it makes me feel like a lemon."

"You keep it, Bub, your services were invaluable. You have coaxed me back to normal and I have better poise than I ever had before. If my love could lease you for life I should be happy. Why couldn't you marry me if you would?"

"Father would object," she replied roguishly.

"But if father would give his consent?" he persisted.

"Cousin Gloom, which of my two do you like best, evening gown or this?" pointing to her golf costume.

"Well, to tell the truth, I think I should choose the lassie of the evening gown, but I'm not certain. Why?"

"Say, Cousin Gloom, it's getting late so we'll spin towards home and on the way I'll tell you why I couldn't if I would."

They reached the Park and Bub brought the car to a stop under a large electric light and jerked off her cap. "This is why." She removed a wig and laughed. "Don't take it too hard, old man."

"A boy!" the Gloom-man choked.

Bub replaced wig and cap and said, "Buck up old chap."

The car now stopped at Bub's home and Bub, turning to Cousin Gloom, said: "Come on in, we'll settle the matter. You must forgive me, but I did it for a joke. I didn't think you'd get to care that way."

The man objected but Bub pulled him inside, pushed him into the parlor and switched on the lights. There sat Bub in an evening gown. He looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Twins," chuckled the golf clothes Bub. "Tell it to her, she could if she would, and she's spoons on you, she said so."

And then they were alone.

Blanche Juett. '15.



The Junior Gay Ride

'Twas a lovely autumn evening,
And the stars were clear and bright,
When a loud and awful clatter
Sounded through the peaceful night.

To their windows rushed the people
At this terrifying noise,
And they saw a gravel wagon
Piled up high with girls and boys.

"Twas the famous "Junior Hay Ride"
Setting forth upon its way,
But 'twas in a gravel wagon,
And there wns no sign of hay,

Oh, the shrieks that rent the night air!
 Oh, the agonizing groans!
When a jolt caused by a chuck-hole
 Proved too hard for some one's bones.

So their painful way they wended,
Going westward from the school,
Drawn by two poor beasts of burden—
One a horse and one a mule.

Then they turned into the creek road,
Following the creek along;
Till at last they reached a farmhouse,
Then uprose the weary throng.

Stretched their cramped and weary muscles,
Grabbed their hats, and pins, and hair,
Then advanced upon the farmhouse
For there was a hay-rack there.

Should they take it? Would they dare to?
Should they have a real hay ride?
And—rememberring bumps and bruises—
As with one voice, "Sure!" they cried.

But 'twas quite too full of hay, so
Ev'ry boy stripped off his coat.
But the Juniors sat by idly,
While the Seniors played the goat.

For the Juniors lazy creatures.
Always did their duty shirk.
Seniors were their guests of honor,
Juniors sat and watched them work.

When the hay-rack was unloaded,
And the Seniors quite worn out,
Ev'ryone piled in the wagon,
Juniors first, you need not doubt.

Sandwiches and eakes and apples,
All were piled up in a heap,
And the way that they were set on
Was a sight to make one weep.

And they left the gravel wagon
Standing there beside the road,
Then urged on the weary creatures
To draw forth their heavy load.

Merrily they clattered onward
Song and laughter filled the air.
And the chaperones were busy,
Chiding many a spooning pair.

Course the Seniors were not guilty,
They would not do such a thing.
Juniors were the worst offenders,
Bet this makes their conscience sting.

After all the lunch was eaten
They decided to return,
Freshies who were getting sleepy,
For their little beds did yearn.

Fainter grew the songs and laughter,
Just a few sang merrily,
Many eyes were growing heavy,
Many heads drooped wearily.

Ev'rything was still and peaceful,
They were on their homeward way,
When was heard the forceful comment,
"Gosh! But here's the deuce to pay!"

Instantly the steeds were halted,
Instantly the sleepers woke,
Some in wonder, some amusement,
But they found it was no joke.

Quickly all climbed from the wagon,
For it lurched unsteadily,
And examined it on all sides,
What the trouble was to see.

Soon they found it, 'twas a hind wheel,
And the tire lay on the ground.
Then arose a dismal groaning,
When the news was passed around.

For it pierc'd their sleep-fogged senses,
There was nothing but to walk,
They might just as well be starting,
'Twas no use to stand and talk.

So with many groans and protests
They set forth upon their way,
Some there were who would be merry
But the most were far from gay.

Two and two, in threes, and singly,
Wearily they plodded on,
Rarer, fainter, grew the laughter,
All their spirits gay were gone.

Well, of course they got home sometime,
'Twas not over half a mile.
At the time they swore 'twas twenty,
Now they tell it with a smile.

Had one come along next morning,
Fore the wreck was cleared away,
He'd have seen the poor old hay-rack,
And the road all strewn with hay.

Hats and handkerchiefs and apples,
Marked their progress into town,
Apples, 'specially nice green ones,
Were strung all along the ground.

When it comes to entertaining
Juniors really can't be beat.
You must travel far and wide e'er
You will with their equals meet.

Yet we'd offer a suggestion,
One or two'd not be amiss,
Juniors surely won't be angry;
Our suggestion's simply this:

'Tis not really quite the thing to
Make your guests of honor work,
So we would advise the Juniors
Duty never more to shirk.

Also when you give a hay-ride
You must have a lot of hay,
Never use a gravel wagon,
In a hay-rack is the way.

Some who were a bit partic'lar,
Didn't get enough to eat;
Sandwiches are not improved by
Lying under someone's feet.

Still considering the bright side,
Ev'ryone had a great time.
May it be recalled by all those
Who should chance to read this rhyme.

Frances Brown '15



Experience of a Freshman

Lawrence, Cal.
August 22, 1914.

Dearest Mae:

Well at last I have my heart's desire, I am going to a public school. On August 10 I became a Freshman in the Lawrence High School. It's just the grandest place in the world. But let me tell you what they did to me.

Hazing may be forbidden in this school but the Sophomores don't know that it is. They take a delight in hazing me because I am one of the freshest, greenest, humans that ever entered the portals of a high school. Of course, coming straight from the select Miss Shinn's, I thought that I knew it all, but when these same ignorant Sophomores were through I was convinced that I didn't know a thing. The second day that I was here they seemed to become aware of my presence and the third day they were ready to bid me welcome. That morning Dad brought me to school and I was in the pink of perfection when I entered the door. There I was met by five girls who escorted me to the dressing room where about twenty more were assembled. I didn't know that they were all Sophomores. I thought that they were unusually sociable, but alas all my illusions soon vanished. They told me that all Freshmen must go through certain ordeals before they became full-fledged students. They read me a lot of rules, of which they gave me a copy, and then performed the ordeal. They took down my hair which I had arranged with such loving care that morning and braided it into six tight pig tails, each of which they tied with a different colored ribbon. I was a sight! The girls howled with laughter. Just then the bell rang and they left me alone in misery. At first I was angry and was on the point of going to the principal, but just then I happened to get a

glimpse of myself in the mirror. I had to hold my sides and roar.

My common sense told me that the Sophs thought that I would rather miss class than be laughed at. I stood still a minute and asked myself, "Are you game?" (That's high school slang). I replied to my question, "I am."

All Freshmen are warned and cautioned against being late for class but this particular morning I wasn't afraid. I would wait until the class was deep in the lesson and then I would appear. What a sensation I would create! And let me announce that it was some sensation! The class went wild and the teacher couldn't control them. She wrote a little note and sent me to the office with it. You might think that I was afraid to go to the office but strange to relate I was not. The principal thought that I was the one who was playing the joke and I allowed him to think so. He gave me a pretty stiff lecture but I didn't mind it because I happened to spy a twinkle way back in the corner of his eye. Then he sent me down to rearrange my hair. There are several Sophs in the history class and two of them are girls. When I reappeared they glanced at me anxiously, but I smiled sweetly and took my seat. Of course they expected that I had told and that it would soon be their turn to go to the office. But when the day passed and nothing happened, they seemed relieved.

The next morning the whole twenty met me at the door and I wondered what would happen. Each girl stepped forward and shook hands with me. I was feeling puffed up and was about to pat myself on the back when I overheard one girl say, "Cordy acted more like a Sophomore than a measly little serum." This made me feel pretty small and I resolved to be the meekest Freshman of the flock. But I could

never live up to a resolution and besides you know "Freshmen are Freshmen" just as "pigs is pigs." Consequently I get my nose pulled quite often.

I've signed for "gym" work and basketball. I also belong to the tennis club. Next spring the girls are going to have a baseball team. I think I'll try out for pitcher. Spring is a long way off and I may be able to throw a ball straight before that time. But I'm afraid I'll throw it too straight and hit the batter.

I'm taking History, English, Algebra, German and Physical Geography. It's all lots of fun and ~~v~~fully interesting. Lessons aren't very hard and I find that with a little extra work I'll get a passing mark.

Well, I will have to stop now and do

that little extra work. Good-bye, lots of love from,

Your Freshie Friend,
Cordy Johnson.

P. S. Every Freshman thinks that his class is the greatest institution on earth. But I found that the rest of the school doesn't think so and that the Sophomores think that their sole duty in life is to correct and manage the morals and manners of those low beings, sometimes called "Freshmen," but more frequently "Scrubs." Oh I tell you it's great to be a Scrub in Lawrence but Mae I'm longing for the time when I shall be a Sophomore.

C. J.

Ella Wurz, '15



Juniors '16

When you speak of work or of speed,
There's nothing that we lack or need.
Now let me explain one by one
Who we are and what we have done.

Ruth her cooking does first rate,
Some man'll find her a good mate.
He'll have to eat lunch with a smile
And often have to wait a while.

Henry oft explosions has
Trying to manufacture gas.
He takes away the heat too late
And just escapes a mournful fate.

Chick in Latin has gained renown.
He oft has "hic" and "hoc" turned 'round
But in his class he stands ahead
Or next to it his teacher said.

Raymond does always want the facts
The Prof. explains them out in acts,
If Raymond should more points desire
He might arouse the Prof's just ire.

Now what ean I of Andrew say
Who sits adreaming all the day.
Of what he thinks, I'm in the dark
His thoughts are on the sea embarked.

Henry has much to learn as yet
He is the cooking class' pet.
He sits there shyly looking on
While all the girls around him throng.

Vernon is perfect in one art
For he has won a Freshman's heart
There's nothing more left to explain
You've all been there—he's not to blame.

Emma's a louely girl this year
She misses a graduate I fear.
She sits and dreams for hours at a time,
And to disturb her would be a crime.

There's nothing of myself to tell
I'm sure you know me very well.
"Twould not be ladylike you know
To talk and of myself to blow.

P. M. B., '16.

The West for the East

A boy about eighteen years of age, sat in the drawing room of an old southern Alabama mansion. Suddenly he rose restlessly to his full height. Into his eyes crept a look of wistful longing, as he lifted his violin and passed his fingers caressingly over it. As he gently drew the bow across the strings, soft, sad strains of exquisite music floated through the large French windows and drifted away among the stately old trees and beautiful shrubbery. All unconscious of time, he played softly on, pausing now and then to gaze unseeing before him.

A soft step was heard in the hall and a tall woman entered the room. She was evidently his mother, for there was a striking resemblance between the two.

"Ralph," she said in a voice, refined and low, "Do stop that sad music! What is ailing you?"

"You know mother," he answered somewhat irritably.

"But, my son, do you want to really go to that horrid wild West?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ralph, I thought I could have you stay here and grow up a gentleman!"

"Yes, mother, but can't there be gentlemen in the West as well as in the East?"

"I don't know about that," she answered doubtfully.

"Father always says that the outward appearance doesn't make the gentleman, but that which is in his heart."

Mrs. Brown looked at the boy thoughtfully, then said, "Do you really want to go?"

"I sure do," he replied eagerly.

"Well then, you will have to settle it with father."

The boy kissed his mother and hurried away in search of his father. Father and son had a long talk together, which ended in Ralph having his own way.

Exactly a week later Ralph hurried through the hall on his way to the carriage, which was waiting. At the door he was stopped by a slender girl with eyes and hair considerably lighter than his own. She clung to him with her arms about his neck.

"I wish I were going with you," she whispered.

"So do I, Sis," he answered, "but you can't, Who'd stay and comfort mother? Besides the West's no place for girls like you. Good-bye Dot."

He kissed her and was gone. The brown eyes brimmed with tears as they saw the horses trot briskly down the avenue. A few minutes later he was being rapidly whirled away. Away from home! Into the world!

Out of the face of his father, stern with suppressed feeling, shone his gentle eyes. Again he felt the grip that made his fingers ache and heard that familiar voice, he so loved, "My son, my son, Good-bye!" "Dear Father," he murmured and then turned to divert himself with the objects whirling by.

At first the country through which he passed was well known to him. Gradually it all grew strange. In Colorado the railway stopped abruptly at a small station called Redding. Ralph looked about him when he stepped from the train and saw only a few shanties, strangely, lonely-looking out there in the wide plains covered with sage brush. While he stood there a "sawed off" man in a great felt hat and "chaps" came up to him. The twitching of his sandy mustache plainly indicated the presence of a quid of tobacco comfortably stowed in his cheek. Yellow hair and big bushy eye-brows were given force by the blue eyes which gleamed wickedly. Such a face few people liked. He stared

at Ralph for a moment and then spoke in a deep voice.

"Air you the young feller that is due for the Star Ranch?"

"Yes," replied Ralph, "I am."

"Wal," continued the cowboy, "I'm Sandy Benard, my right name be John, but you see everybody calls me Sandy. I guess we'll be goin'?"

He led the way to a pair of bronchos standing in the shade of one of the shanties. Ralph followed silently, inwardly amused at his companion. They mounted and rode away through the trackless plain. The Easterner was by no means asleep. They were surrounded on every side barren plains, only broken here and there by a clump of sage brush, which occasionally held a frightened rabbit or a hopping horntoad. The dim purple mountains in the distance formed a fringe for the vast plains. The men rode in silence which was almost unbroken. Sandy stole sly glances at his companion. He saw a youth with honest eyes, clear brow and determinedly set chin, a face wholly unafraid.

That night they camped at a water-hole. After cooking and eating their suppers, they rolled up in their blankets and slept soundly beneath the stars.

It was Sunday morning when they arrived at the Star Ranch. The ranch was in the low foot-hills. The rambling ranch house was approached from the front. It was made of adobe with some clay. All of the buildings around the place were as neat as the house itself. As the horsemen rode to the door the owner of the ranch, a middle aged man, came out. He approached Ralph in a brisk, authoritative manner and received him graciously. After the Boss, as he was called by all the cowboys, had arranged all matters of importance with Ralph, Sandy escorted him to the bunk house where the cowboys' quarters were.

At first the men treated him distantly. This did not matter much to Ralph for he had his work to do and he did it faithfully. It was not long until they saw that he was honest and wanted to work. When he first came to the ranch the men had teased him incessantly about his white

hands,—"Lady fingers," they called them. This was rather embarrassing, but he soon succeeded in getting them as brown and rough as the others.

About a week after he came, an old Indian rode up to the ranch on a beautiful black horse. Ralph and Sandy were sitting in the shade fixing their saddles. Ralph was silently admiring the animal when Sandy volunteered "That thar Indian is a old resident of the country and ain't never been taken to a reservation. What cher thinkin' about?"

Ralph only started slightly and grinned.

"Party fine nag he's ridin', ain't it?" With these words Sandy's eyes narrowed to mere slits in his rough, sunburned face and searched Ralph's face like cold points of blue steel. He found no clue for suspicion and shifted his gaze again to the horse, where it rested longingly. He suddenly spied a fly near the toe of his boot, and spat his vengeance at it.

The old chief had seen Ralph and had trusted him instantly. Ralph went about his work again, but he had not forgotten the horse. He decided to have it.

The new cowboy was being watched all the time although he did not realize it. The boss was thinking about retiring and was in need of a reliable foreman. He was attracted to Ralph and questioned the men regarding him.

When Ralph Brown had been at the Star Ranch for a few months, a letter was handed to him by one of the men. He looked at it curiously, it was not from home for it bore no postmark. On tearing it open he found a slip of paper on which was written in a cramped hand:

"mr r brown

"der ser.

"red feather is goin to dar happy
huntin groun and want you to hav
black hawk. give him a home

"red feather."

Ralph gazed at the letter in bewilderment. Black Hawk! For him! Meditating a moment he turned and went in search of the Boss. After reading the letter, the Boss looked at the young man.

"Will you take him?" he asked simply.

Ralph nodded. The older man laid a

hand on his shoulder and said, "Red Feather was fond of you from the first time he ever laid eyes on you. Now go and get your horse."

The young man mounted his pinto and rode away to Red Feather's hut. On knocking at the door, he received a faint, "Come." Entering, he found himself in a dark room. Its furniture consisted of a chair, a stove and a bed, on which the old man lay. Ralph went quickly to the bed side and held the offered hand in silence. Finally Red Feather spoke. It was in a low voice, "Red Feather—is—going—to—the—Happy—Hunting—Grounds. Take—Black—Hawk.—Take good—care—of him—always."

Ralph promised he would and the old man closed his eyes with a sigh. Red Feather was now with the Great Spirit.

In the stable Ralph found the black horse. For a while he gazed at him fondly, then mounted and rode sadly away.

A week later the Boss summoned him to the office. An hour or more passed before he again reappeared. He was now foreman of the Star Ranch. The other cowboys, with the exception of Sandy, heard the news joyfully. They had learned to love him. Sandy eyed him from a distance with envy. He was exceedingly jealous of Ralph.

One day Sandy was wandering about the buildings in a very black mood. He passed the open door of Ralph's office in his wandering and glancing in he found it vacant. A sudden impulse to do Ralph harm seized him. He quickly had a pen in his fingers and Ralph's account book open. In a minute he had changed several numbers and taken some bills from the table and was gone just as the foreman was about to enter an opposite door.

Ralph discovered the fix up in his numbers and worked for hours to straighten it out but was unsuccessful. When the Boss heard of it, he investigated it but without result. Accordingly Ralph was discharged.

The young man felt his disgrace very keenly. After selling Black Hawk, much against his will he left the country. The boys could not believe him guilty. His

friend Jack, was sure that he was not.

One bright June morning, when all out doors was alive and glad, a dark figure was seen against the distant horizon by the cowboys of the Star Ranch. As it drew nearer and became more distinct, they began speculating as to the identity of the rider.

"That's that kid, Brown on Black Hawk!" ejaculated Jack.

Surely it could not be he! Yes he was coming directly toward them. The cowboys raised a joyful yell which was answered by a well-known shout.

Black Hawk, as if knowing that this was home, bore his rider up to the group with a dash. There followed a great deal of hand-shaking and joyful exclamations.

"Where have you been?" asked Jack, slapping Ralph affectionately upon the shoulder.

The rest were like a bunch of eager school-boys.

"Tell the whole story," someone cried.

"There's not much to tell," began Ralph.

"Only when I left this ranch I was disgusted with the West and decided to go home. I got as far as Kansas City when my funds ran low so I had to stop. I hunted work for a week before I finally landed a job as reporter for a small paper. By the time I had earned enough for a ticket home I had no desire to go. Instead I had an intense yearning for the West and the free open life of the plains," he paused and ran his hand caressingly over the glossy mane of Black Hawk. The horse rubbed his nose against Ralph's shoulder, "and for you, too, Black Hawk," he continued, "I arrived in Wyoming a few weeks ago. I wasn't brave enough to face you just then. I didn't like the country so well and besides work was scarce. Finally I found myself in these mountains. I just felt sure that you fellows didn't believe me crooked in spite of the dope the Boss had on me."

"And we didn't," the boys replied, all speaking at once. "You aren't of that sneaking kind."

"Thankee, for the compliment, boys," grinned Ralph.

"But what became of that man, Mitchell,

who bought this there nag off you?" asked one man a moment later.

"Search me," said Ralph.

"I seen Sandy ridin' that thar hoss over in Reddin' last week,—sure thing—."

"Oh! Go on! You were seein' soldiers by the half dozen too," put in Jack.

"Not on your life, I warn't indulgin'."

"Fellows," interrupted Ralph, "I'm here today with sad news for you. I wouldn't have been here otherwise.—Sandy's dead—stone dead."

"Whatcher mean?" All eyes were turned on the speaker in bewilderment.

Ralph drew a pack of papers from his pocket and selected a dirty piece of an old envelope from the others.

"Read that," he said, "It's my pass port into respectable society and back to my honor."

Just then the Boss came out of the corral carrying a coil of rope in his hand. Jack read,

"I took those bills,—Sandy."

For a moment the truth seemed to percolate slowly, then a lusty shout set the buildings ringing. Glad hands seemed to extend out of space. Ralph saw them through tear dimmed eyes, thinking, these are friends indeed.

After these expressions of gladness and trust were completed, Ralph spoke in his most solemn tones. All heads were bowed the moment the rolling tones broke upon their ears.

"Fellows," he said, "I left his body under a tree at Willow Watering, about four hours ride to the north east on the Redding Trail. We must get him away before night or the coyotes will."

"What's eatin' you fellows?" the voice of the Boss was cool. No one spoke. Ralph's eyes met those of his former employer almost haughtily.

"Well Brown, What brings you back?"

"He's innocent," Jack put in before

Ralph could answer, "and here's the proof."

The Boss read the paper, extending his free hand, gripped Ralph's and said, "Forgive me! I have never believed it of you in spite of the evidence! There was no other way. I had to discharge you."

"Sandy's lying dead away out there, Boss. I came upon him when I was on my way to Mitchell's with this horse. He was within a few yards of Willow Watering. His eyes were bloodshot and his hands bleeding, his knees stuck through his trousers swollen and bruised."

"What was the matter? What happened to him?"

"Rattler."

"He raved for hours and about midnight sat up straight and wild-eyed gazed at me."

"Are you Brown?" he demanded at last.
"Yes."

"Wal, I reckon as now I've told you, I suppose you're glad to see me dying."

"He wouldn't lie down, Boss, but gazed at the stars a few minutes. Suddenly he fumbled about his clothing. He could not articulate; his hands fell helplessly to his side and he sank back against the saddle. His lips were moving. Piece paper—pencil, were all I heard. He seemed to sleep. I got there but could not arouse him."

"At sunrise he turned his head and reached for the paper, trying to write. I guided his hand as he mumbled. "I took—those—bills,—Sandy. He was trying to thank me out of that bruised and broken body of his. Poor unfortunate fellow! Now let's bring him home."

That night at sunset Ralph drove the buckboard into the circle of buildings. The body of Sandy lay on a heap of straw in the bottom. Ralph guided the horses into the yard thinking of his first coming to the West. Now he could go home and face his father. He had proven his honesty.

M. S. '18.

The Senior Classee

(With due apologies to the shade of Chaucer.)

Whan that we ar(e) abont(e) to graduate
It is right fitt(e) to tell(e) of Seniours aighte.
So ye shal know(e) of what condicione
And of what wourth they ar(e), hem everichon.
And of them al ther ar(e) bold youthes four
Whom, we al hop(e) this rhim(e) will nat mak(e) sore,
For we do mean(e) hem al to bawle oute,
And we beseech yow al no word(e) to doubte.
Four(e) girls ther ar(e), and wourthy mayd(e)s they are
And we intend(e) ther fain(e) to sprede fare.

SLATSE

With(e) us ther is a youth(e) yeleped Slatse
Who, when address(e)d by us, doth say(e), "Oh ratse,"
Or "oh shut up!" or "oh go on!" and swiche,
So, as yow see, in curteisy nat riche,
This youth(e), who is ful scelendre, len(e) and lank(e),
Is in this school(e) an artist(e) of great(e) ranke.
For it is his pleasour to draw(e) cartoones
Of whisker(e)d gentilmen and uglie coones,
And dogg(e)s and fowl(e)s. And e'en the Prof besides
Is earieatur(e)d, yet ne'er this rash(e) youth(e) chides.
A pompadour he hath, this gentil boye
The which(e) he doth regard with pryd(e) and joye:
With anxious eayr(e) he hath his lokkes trained
And e'en to plaster them with soap(e) hath deigned,
And now strait from his nobel brow they ryse
And he appears ful scolarlike and wyse.

BLANCHE AND FRITZ

Of maydens two I will(e) yow next devyse
Theyr dispositions and ek(e) ther guise.
The mayd(e) called Blanch(e) she is full short and plumpe
Yet she nathles is always on the jumpe.
Ful ruddie is hir fae(e) e'en lyk(e) a rose,
And smal hir mouth(e) and tiptilted hir nose.
The other mayden is right(e) len(e) and talle,
And when she is arrayd for basket balle
Lyk(e) matches sem(e) hir legg(e)s and ek(e) hir armes.
She is nat vayn(e), yet anxious stryv(e)s for charmes.
To crull(e) hir lokk(e)s an iron she doth use,
And long befor the mirrour she doth muse.

Hir nos(e), which is ful larg, a nobl(e) beake,
She doth bideek with pondr(e), also eeh cheake.
Thes(e) maydens, in ther Seniour dignetye,
Ful wourthy ar(e), yet aft ar(e) right sillye,
For laugh(e) they do, e'en lyk(e) a Freshman greene,
Yet ne'er lyk(e) under classmen do they queene.

JOE

We hav(e) a traytor in our(e) class(e) nam(e)d Jo(e).
He lyk(e)d a Freshman girl nat long ago.
Altho a charming mayden, and ful sprye,
Stil this does nat explain the reason whye
A Freshman green(e) to notic(e) he shold deigne,
And he shold know that this doth cans(e) us Payne.
But stil, he is a youth(e) of courteisye
And he doth lov(e) to aid(e) a fayr(e) ladye.
And he doth serv(e) eeh on(e) right gallantly
Wheth(e)r fatt(e) or slim, or tall(e) or short be she.
In basket ball(e) he hath amazing skille
And he cann(e) throw a goel(e) when e'er he wille.

ALVIN AND WALTER

Thes(e) two Seniours ther teachers do harasse
For it is aft ther wish(e) to ent a classe.
Yet who shold hav(e) a perfect right to ent
And 'scap(e) unpleasaunt thinges, but
A Seniour, who doth hav(e) all privileges?
And what reek they that ev(e)ry teacher rages?
The first nam(e)d youth(e) a right shy ladd(e) is he
And it doth vex him, Oh! so dredfnly!
When som(e) bold mayd(e) to flirt with him doth trye,
Then he doth blush, and shyly droop his eye.
The other youth(e) is quyt(e) the contrarye
And sur(e)ly doth behav(e) disgrac(e)fullye.
For flirt he doth with ev(e)ry mayden fayre
He haps to met(e), nor littl(e) doth he eayre
What guis(e) she hav(e), or what positionn
For he doth flirt with al, hem everichon,
From lofty Seniour down(e) to Freshman greene
With eeh and al of hem he lov(e) to queene.

ELLA

This mayden one(e) did think this school(e) to leaven,
Yet eoud nat bear(e) to leav(e) the Seniours seven;
So she return(e)d and now we ar(e) jnst eighte.
She oft, alas! too oft! doth com(e) in laite
And even when she doth arryv(e) at nyne,
She must hir hayre fixe, or the shyne
Remov(e) from off hir nos(e) with pondre white
So she may nat appear a perfect frighe.
This mayden is of speech oft right sarcastic,
And on(e) must be of tempre right elastic

Els(e) he wold be quit(e) erush(e)d by hir sharp speaches,
Ech word(e) of whiche to its marke reaches.
To suitors she is sareastie and cru(e)le
Or, what is wors, indifferent and eole.

NEVA

Our(e) Neva is a coy, retiring mayde
And e'er wold keep hirself quyt(e) in the shade.
Swich(e) modesty(e) is right pleasing to finde,
And in Seniours quyt(e) rare is its kinde.
Hir cheak(e)s and lipp(e)s are redd(e) as any rose,
A payr(e) of spectacles adorn hir nose
And lend to hir a look of dignetye.
Yet quyt(e) undignified right aft is she,
For on a day so madlie did she danee
(And quyt(e) unlik(e) a Seniour she did prance)
Hir spectacles from off hir nos(e) did drop,
And break in two, then only did she stop.
She is right short, yet doth long to be talle
And it to her is lyk(e) wormwood and galle.
That e'en the Freshmen surpass her in height,
But still she is of tempre swet(e) and brighte.

F. B. '15.



Love Will Find a Way

Gloom had laid his heavy hand upon the three boys who sat in Room 21, in Tait's Hall, of The Hamilton Military Academy. They were Jack Daulton, Senior, captain and center of the basket ball team, Ray Woodruff, Senior, and forward on the basket ball team, and Willie Dustin, plain Freshman.

"Talk about your luck," growled Jack. "Here are Ray and I waiting to be put in the guard-house and the championship game with Hilton coming off a week from Saturday night. Besides I suppose Betty and Carol are about crazy because they haven't heard from us since last Saturday. It's all your fault Dusty. If you had held on to those letters we would be in the gym now instead of waiting to be escorted to the guard-house."

"You fellows make me tired!" snorted Willie. As long as Naney and I delivered your messages safely at the risk of our own necks it was all right. But because I let one slip you are ready to call me seven kinds of a fool and then some, and here I am risking my life for you again. If I'm caught here it will be the guard-house for little Willie. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Wednesday, after the team passes the guard-house you fellows drop a couple of notes out of the window and yours truly will deliver them. Hall will be in his study and there will be no chance of being caught. I'll—" but just then footsteps were heard approaching the door so Willie beat a hasty retreat down the fire escape.

Cadets Daulton and Woodruff were to be confined in the guard-house Tuesday at 9 p. m., to await a general court-martial. Their offense was the most serious in the history of the school. They had been corresponding with two girls of the Garwood Seminary and two of the letters fell into the hands of the head master of Hamilton, Waldon Hall.

Madame Eliza Brandon, Dean at Garwood, was Mr. Hall's bitterest enemy and he refused to allow his boys to have anything to do with her girls. She upheld the same rule in her school. Several years before they had been engaged but had quarreled over some trivial matter and had not spoken since.

Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock the basket ball team passed the guard-house on the way to the gym. Ten minutes later footsteps were heard on the walk and two notes dropped at the feet of Mr. Hall, who had just rounded the corner of the guard-house. He picked them up, glanced at the inscription, frowned and put them in his pocket. After a minute of deliberation he proceeded on his way. Five minutes later Dusty came running down the path.

"Fellows", he called softly as he reached the window. No answer. He called again. Two heads appeared at the window.

"What's wanted?" asked Ray.

"Where are the letters?" asked Willie.

"The letters? Didn't you get them? We dropped them out about five minutes ago when you passed."

"I just got here. Wheelan kept me for algebra. Who is on guard today?"

"Toots Reynolds. He'd help us out of trouble so go and ask him if he knows anything about the letters."

In a few minutes Willie was back with a look of despair upon his countenance.

"He says that Hall came down with some orders a little while ago and went back this way."

"Great Scott! Isn't that just our luck!" exclaimed Jack. "Now we'll get it for sure. No chance of playing a week from Saturday night now. You're the best messenger I ever saw, Dusty. You couldn't buy a postage stamp without losing it before it crossed the counter. You make

me tired. Don't ever suggest anything to me again."

"Aw shut up! You fellows must think I'm your goat. I hope Hall gives you the limit," and with that the cruel Willie made for the gym.

Monday at two o'clock the court convened. Just as the case was called a note was handed to Mr. Hall. This is what he read:

"Dear Waldon:

Last night as I was making my usual round of visits I found one of my students, Elizabeth Wall, crying as if her heart would break. On inquiring into the cause I learned that she was crying because she had not heard from Jack Daulton of your school, since a week ago last Saturday. Instead of being angry I was sorry and my heart went out to her. I thought at once of you and of our quarrel of several years ago. Waldon, I am sorry for I know now that I was wrong. I ask your forgiveness.

I also ask that you let your boys join with my girls in giving their commencement dance.

Affectionately yours,
Eliza."

Mr. Hall looked up and smiled as he noted the gloomy faces of the cadets in front of him.

"I withdraw my charges against Cadets Daulton and Woodruff and reinstate them in their former position. Also I wish to state that you will be joined by the girls of Garwood Seminary at your commencement," he said.

Bedlam broke loose. The yelling, cheering mob of boys with Daulton and Woodruff on their shoulders made their way outside and marched around and around the building.

"Look, look," whispered Betty to Jack as they strolled slowly up and down in the moonlight on commencement night. "I believe Mr. Hall is proposing to Madame Brandon under Lover's Oak."

Ella Wurz, '15.



Our Freshie Girls and Boys

OUR FRESHIE GIRLS

A cutie bunch of Freshmen we,
When first we entered Liberty:
Coy Esther, with her laughing eyes,
Has many a handsome boy capsized.
And Kate considers it no sin
To wear a handsome Junior's pin.
Our Mabel is so meek and dear,
Doth ever blush when a boy is near.
There's Muriel who's not so very quiet
And we all know she's on no diet.
Most everyone knows how "Dinks" is in History
But her love affairs are still a mystery.
Bright Georgia is our B. B. star
And in her playing is no mar.
Virgin' in German's not very smart
I'm afraid her thoughts are all of "Mart—,"
While Ruth is sure a trump in drawing
She thinks that English "comps." are boring.

OUR FRESHIE BOYS

We have a happy set of Freshie boys,
They're dear old Liberty's pride and joys.
Ransom's our German and Algebra shark
He never fails to get a high mark.
Homer thinks that all History's a bore
And usually makes a detested "4."
Young Carl sure is our handsome boy
And when dolled up looks truly coy.
Horatius his place in English loses
But nevertheless the whole school amuses.
Roswell is certainly no teacher's pet
They all think, "There's rooms to let."
Stanley doesn't care to see his sister rag,
He's sure to stop her and start to nag.
Jack is the boy with the curly hair
He'd ent "English" every day if he dare.
Mya to school on a blue motor rides
And most of the time in the basement hides.
Forrest is a quiet and bashful lad
And in school could never be bad.
And the girls all think that Ned
Should be spanked and sent to bed.

Minerva Weihe, '18.

The Domestic Science Class

Oh Heaven! Oh Heaven! Oh help us!
Oh Lordy! What shall we do
When we find that Hungarian Goulash
Is only a plain Irish Stew!

“What’s in a name!” says Shakespeare.
“What’s in a doughnut!” cries Zeb,
“Naught but a hole in the center
With the dough as heavy as lead.”

Zeb knows all about doughnuts,
For out of the window hers flew,
O'er the back fence of the alley,
When she thought that nobody knew.

Ruth Weihe, a golden-haired angel,
Who never does anything wrong,
Hid her white saucy in the locker,
To wait until Teacher had gone.

Then into the sink she poured it
And when it had disappeared,
She sighed a sigh of contentment
And bid farewell to her fears.

The best of the class is Emma,
She knows how to cook real well.
Her favorite dish is “Lemons”,
Served how? she will not tell.

Fern knows how to cook biscuits,
As light as the clouds above.
She never gets into mischief
And claims she knows nothing of love.

Frances, the dear little lassie,
With all of her winning ways
Fed some of the boys her cookies.
The doctor was busy for days.

Next comes our good cook, Polly,
Who makes the French Fried Spuds,
And when she’s washing dish-towels
She’s bound to have plenty of suds.

When Bertha, the girl of the mountain,
Broke open an egg one day,
A chick jumped out to surprise her
And she let it fly away.

Now comes our dark eyed Sayde,
Her pastry we all adore.
The shape of some of her cream puffs
Would make an elephant roar.

Then last of all comes Henry,
Whose ginger-bread was swell.
A Carnegie Medal he merits
For making it so well.

Now the one who composed this poem
Has as many faults as the rest.
And among all the cooks in the dough-house
It's hard to pick out the best.

Ruth Lent, '18.



COOKING CLASS—DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Last Will and Testament

of the Class of 1915

We, the illustrious members of the Senior Class of the Liberty Union High School of the City of Brentwood, County of Contra Costa, State of California, being sound in mind, though worn in body because of the trials of our past four years, and not entirely influenced by the Faculty, do hereby meet on this Twenty-eighth day of May, 1915, to make, publish and declare this our last will and testament with all the sadness which the occasion demands. We will and bequeath in the manner following:

First. To the Junior Class we will and bequeath our Senior dignity, our unbounded talent, to be used in compiling the 1916 Annual, and our enviable positions as bosses of the school.

Second. To the Sophomore Class we will and bequeath our ability to escape hard work.

Third. To the Freshman Class we will and bequeath our unsurpassable egotism.

Fourth. The Senior girls leave their copies of Emerson's essays to the janitor with the stipulation that he use them in making the fire in the sewing room, and leave no trace of them behind to worry future generations.

Fifth. I, Ella Wurz, do will and bequeath my long used and much abused whip to Mr. Martin to be used on the Junior Class to enable them to get up enough speed to write an annual next year. My brown corduroy dress I will and bequeath to the cooking class, to be used in making holders to lift hot pans from the stove. My gift of sharp and pointed speech I leave to Herschel Miller, to be used sparingly in repartee with the girls. My antiquated gray horse I bequeath to the manual training boys to carry them to and from the shop. My beloved frizzly locks I bequeath to Ruth Weihe on condition

that she wear them in a fringe from ear to ear around her face.

Sixth. I, Neva Sheddick, do will and bequeath my glasses to the 1916 Josh Editor, to aid him in seeing the point to the jokes contributed to the annual from various sourees. My dilapidated equi-page with the broken top I leave to those boys who have so kindly assisted me in harnessing my horse after school, to be divided among them as they see fit. My envied desk and chair in the Assembly, near the back window, I leave to Raymond Prewett, so he may not have to crane his neck to see everything that is going on in the street. My rosy complexion I leave to Miss Gehringen, to be applied judiciously to those participating in school plays in the future. My abundance of hair I leave to Ruth Weihe, to be added to the fringe bequeathed by Ella Wurz, and worn only on special occasions, such as St. Patrick's Day. My blue cheviot skirt I leave to Zelma Dainty to be worn with her mid-die blouses on condition that she consign her plaid skirt to the ash heap.

Seventh. I, Blanche Juett, do bequeath my superfluous avoirdupois to Minerva Weihe, to be applied where she needs it the most. My red sweater I leave to next year's sewing class, to be dyed green and then made into chest protectors for the Freshmen. My irrepressible giggle I leave to the Student Body to be distributed equally among the various members. My typewriter in the commercial room, I leave to any poor unfortunate who wants it. My hair, which curls in rainy weather I leave to Roswell Donaldson, to be superimposed upon his own straight locks. My blue serge dress I bequeath to Ruth Lent on condition that she make no alterations in the same, but wear it in its original condition. My unfailing talkativeness, I leave

to Andrew Porter, knowing that it will be well used and appreciated.

Eighth. I, Frances Brown, do will and bequeath my slender figure to the sewing class, to be used as a model. My Panama hat, which I have worn to school for two years and which is good for at least ten years more, I bequeath to Kate Hudson. My large vocabulary, which has served me faithfully for the last four years I bequeath to the Freshman English Class, knowing them to be sadly in need of the same. My privilege of queening at noon I leave to Fern Squires and Bertha Howard hoping that they will not abuse the same by availing themselves of it too frequently. My Mary Jane pumps I bequeath to Ransom Fox, knowing that he will want something to remember me by. My privilege of teasing same young man I leave to Zelma Dainty.

Ninth. I, Roy Frerichs, do bequeath my beautiful disposition to Frank Shellenberger. My corduroy trousers and black shoes I leave to Henry Winfree, knowing that what he lacks in size he will make up in conceit when he gets to be a Senior. My plaid mackinaw I leave to Eddie Hevey. My cornet I leave to the Prof, to be used when the electric bell is out of order. My old motor I leave to Mr. Clark to use in riding to and from school.

Tenth. I, Walter Swift, do bequeath my everlasting grrouch to Aubrey Williamson, to offset his own perpetual cheerfulness. My habit of flirting with all the girls, I leave to my brother, Homer Swift, trusting that he will uphold the family reputation. My privilege of cutting classes, I leave to Ellis Cakebread, hoping that he will appreciate the same and make good use of it. My dilapidated text books I leave to Adella Willett knowing that she has long admired and enviously coveted the same. My overdeveloped fondness for loafing I leave to Mabel Steding.

Eleventh. I, Joe Hand, do bequeath my suite of rooms over the Tea Cup Inn to the High School to be used as a gymnasium. My pompadour, I leave to the Freshman girls, hoping there will be no quarreling over the division of the same. My popularity with the girls I leave to Henry Barkley, knowing that he has long envied me the same. My basket-ball suit I leave to Clifford McNamara, on condition that he get no stouter, as the suit can stand no undue strain. My red stocking cap I leave to Sayde Brown, knowing that it will harmonize beautifully with her hair.

Twelfth. I, Alvin Howard, do bequeath my bashfulness to Carl Cowan, knowing him to be sadly in need of something of the kind. My accuracy in throwing mud balls I leave to the next year Freshie boys, to be used in protecting themselves from the attacks of the upper classmen. My fondness for being absent from recitations I leave to Grace Milet. My facility of slow and deliberate locomotion, I leave to Emma Shellenberger. My habit of coming any time after nine o'clock, I leave to John Sullenger.

In witness hereof we set our hands and seals on this twenty-eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen.

Signed:

Blanche Juett
Ella Wurz
Neva Sheddrick
Frances Brown
Roy Frerichs
Alvin Howard
Walter Swift
Joe Hand

Signed and sealed in the presence of:

Herschel Miller

Board of Censorship

Ransom Fox

Forge Work

In giving an account of our forge work it would take many pages to give in detail the work as we have gone over it in our course. "Practical work," has been our motto all winter, and to keep us properly interested in our work we have, after a few weeks of all kinds of work, been allowed to make various small articles the process of making which leads to thoroughness and to an experience which places us upon a firmer footing and inspires each student with more confidence in his ability. Some of the work is difficult and trying, but in the end we have all enjoyed our small accomplishments.

In our shop we lack many conveniences, but this need of various articles has inspired initiative and made us resourceful. We supply these articles by making them ourselves and thus learn to attain results under difficulties.

Our processes have involved heating iron and steel of various compositions to proper temperatures for shaping, also the shap-

ing, bending and welding of iron and steel of a high temper.

We turn out genuine hand made tools, shaped, polished and tempered. Among these articles are cold chisels, wrenches, screw drivers, different kinds of hammers, flatters and hot eye cutters, drawing and bench knives, and hack saws.

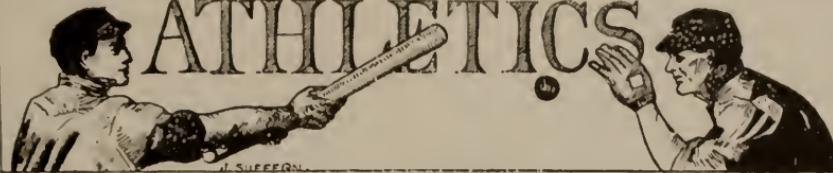
Many of these articles we color in various ways in the fire and with acids and other metals.

There is no way of judging how much is done during the term by examining our exhibit, for not more than a third of our actual work can be shown on account of our economical phase of the work which involves repeated use of various articles and scraps for other steps and phases of the course.

A visit to the shop any day will enable you to get a fair notion of the character and importance of this department and to understand how intimately it is related to the everyday life of ranch work.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls began basket-ball practice early in September. Enthusiasm ran high and twice a week teams appeared on the court.

LIBERTY VS. MT. DIABLO

Our first game was played with Mt. Diablo team Oct. 10, on the home court. The Liberty girls led the score throughout the game. It was the first contest game Mt. Diablo had ever played but they kept us moving. The score stood at the end of the last half 18-6 in favor of Liberty. The line up was as follows:

LIBERTY	MT. DIABLO
Emma Shellenberger	FORWARDS Evelyn Enos
Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Eleanor Rideout (Capt.)
Frances Brown	GUARDS Gladys Geary
Ruth Weihe	Beatrice Soto
Sayde Brown	CENTERS Lora January
Polly Barkley	Winetta Bott

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

Previous to this game we did not practice as faithfully as we should have done and showed it when we played Alhambra on the home court Nov. 20. The Liberty girls seemed paralyzed the first half. The score stood 10-0 in favor of Alhambra. The second half the Liberty team played hard, making the game very exciting. But Alhambra had such a lead that when the whistle blew for time the score stood 15-11 in favor of Alhambra. The line-up was as follows:

LIBERTY	ALHAMBRA
Emma Shellenberger	FORWARDS Hertha Netherton
Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Margaret McMahon
Ruth Weihe	GUARDS Margaret Swift
Frances Brown	Irene Brewen
Sayde Brown	CENTERS Norma McHarry
Polly Barkley	Marguerite Peck (Capt.)

This was our last game until after the holidays.

After the holidays the girls showed more vigor in practicing for the scheduled games of the C. C. A. L. were on hand. The first game was to be played Jan. 15 with Mt. Diablo. They forfeited the game at the last minute and in order not to disappoint the public the Liberty first and second teams played a game. It was a splendid game, well played throughout both halves. At the close of the game the score stood 17-5 in favor of the first team. The line up was as follows:

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
FORWARDS	Gladys Nunn
Emma Shellenberger (Capt.)	Velma Cowan
GUARDS	Ronna Pemberton
Frances Brown	Beatrice Sanders
Ruth Weihe	
Sayde Brown	CENTERS
Polly Barkley	Minerva Weihe
	Virgie Spradley (Capt.)

On Feb. 13, a game was scheduled with Riverview to be played on their court. Riverview forfeited the game to Liberty.

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

The game with Alhambra was scheduled for Jan. 30 but both teams agreed to play a week later, Feb. 6. Alhambra met Liberty on the latter's court. Both teams entered with the spirit of the game written on their faces, as this was to decide the championship of the county. A few minutes after the game started Frances Brown sprained her ankle and Mae Roberts took her place. The game was as snappy as could be wished for and the crowd went wild with enthusiasm. Liberty scored first and kept the lead throughout the game. The score at the end of the first half stood 16-7 in favor of Liberty. When the whistle blew for the second half profound silence reigned until the ball was put in play. Both teams showed more vigor than ever but our opponents were gradually losing ground.

The crowd stood up with excitement. The Alhambra girls played a splendid game but the Liberty Girls' fast team work was too much for them. At the end of the second half the score stood 22-9 in favor of Liberty. This made Liberty the championship basket-ball players of the county, winning the championship pennant of the C. C. A. L. The Martinez girls were game losers giving us a rousing good cheer after the game which we heartily returned. The line up was as follows:

LIBERTY	FORWARDS	ALHAMBRA
Georgia Nunn Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Margaret McMahon Herrha Netherton (Capt.)	
Frances Brown Ruth Weihe	Irene Brewen Margaret Swift	
Sayde Brown Polly Barkley	CENTERS	Marguerite Peek Norma McFarry

The girls in Basket Ball who were winners of the block "L" are:

Frances Brown, '15.

Ella Wurz, '15.

Ruth Weihe, '16.

Emma Shellenberger, '16.

Polly Barkley, '16.

Sayde Brown, '17.

Mae Roberts, '17.

Georgia Nunn, '18.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top row (left to right): Frances Brown, (manager), Ruth Weihe, Georgia Nunn, Ella Wurz, Miss Linda Gehringer, (coach).
 Bottom row: Polly Barkley, Emma Shellenberger, (captain), Sayde Brown, Mae Roberts.

Athletics Continued

FOOTBALL

The year 1914-15 has been the most eventful year in athletics at Liberty for a number of years.

School opened in August with promising football material. During the second school week the boys met and elected Henry Winfree, manager, and Edward Hevey, captain, of the football team. Two weeks later training was going on in earnest in spite of the warm weather. It was found that we were in urgent need of a coach and football suits. When the trustees heard of our needs, they kindly donated forty dollars (\$40) to us. We are all grateful to them for their keen interest in our athletic affairs, and it was their aid that made us as successful as we were. We secured the services of Ray Shafer, an experienced football player, to coach us. We were a green squad that went through the first maneuvers and there seemed little hope of learning the scientific part of the game. But Ray proved equal to the conditions and we were soon acquiring some ideas of Rugby. At first it was hard work for the captain and manager to get some of the boys to come out to practice regularly. But gradually they became more enthusiastic, and, in spite of our inexperience in Rugby, much was accomplished.

RIVERVIEW VS. LIBERTY

We challenged Riverview High of Antioch to play us a practice game on September 19th, as we desired to have some practical experience before the scheduled games in October. The Riverview boys, however, were experienced in the game and their knowledge of it caused them to triumph. Their serum was heavier, but proved little better than ours, if any. They excelled in the back field. Their men could dodge, tackle and pass, while we

could not. However, we held our own and several of the boys showed up well. After two hard fought halves the game ended with the score of 18-0 in their favor. We profited by our experience.

MT. DIABLO VS. LIBERTY

October 10th marked the opening of the League schedule and Mt. Diablo High of Concord journeyed over to play us on the local gridiron. They were a "clean" bunch of players and too much for us. During the first half we held them down and played good ball. When the whistle blew the score stood 12-0 in Mt. Diablo's favor.

During the second half our boys seemed to lose faith in themselves and our opponents began to pile up a number of points. At the end of the game the score was 37-0.

RIVERVIEW VS. LIBERTY

In spite of our former defeats, we were not disheartened and played our league game with Riverview on Oct 24th on our home grounds. But, after two weeks of drilling and coaching we did not come up to expectations.

The first half was very exciting and Liberty did her best playing. Our tackling and running was better. Our forwards did well but the back field lacked "pep."

In the second half we met our downfall and in spite of repeated efforts to cross the line for a try the game ended with another "goose egg" for Liberty and 45 points tabulated on the score board for Riverview.

SAN RAMON VS. LIBERTY

The boys practiced hard the following week and were confident of victory in the game with San Ramon High of Danville on Oct. 31st. Richard Wallace having returned to high school, our team was greatly strengthened. It was in this game that the

drilling of Coach Shafer showed to perfection, even though the game was somewhat rough. Williamson, one of our best and swiftest back field men, was the first Liberty man to make a try. Swift soon followed. Finally, at the end of the second half the score stood 17-0 in Liberty's favor.

The Danville girls furnished us with a fine meal and we certainly appreciated it.

ALHAMBRA VS. LIBERTY

We were scheduled to play Alhambra at Martinez on Oct. 17th, but did not go on

field, the first half ended with neither side having scored.

When the second half started, we were determined to win and began with the kick-off. The ball continued to see-saw, now one side on the offensive and now the other. Toward the end of the second half the Alhambra left wing ran around our right wing and over near the edge of the field. The touch line was not distinguishable at that point, while the 5 yard line was. The opponent ran across the line that could be seen and our right wing



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top Row: Vernon Cakebread, Henry Winfree, Walter Swift, Joe Hand.
Bottom Row: Harold Lucas, Roy Freerichs, Jack Suffern.

account of delayed train and rain. However, on Nov. 3rd the trustees kindly gave the high school a vacation, so we went down intending to scalp the county seat team. The game commenced about 3:10 and we had the ball on their 25 yard line nearly all of the first half. Alhambra did not hire a referee from U. C. or Stanford, as the county rules prescribe, but one from Crockett. Many times we were on the point of crossing the goal line, but were forced back. After see-sawing across the

thinking he had passed out of bounds stopped running. The result was a try for Alhambra and it was also converted. It was too near the end for us to get a try; however, we did our best. The second half ended with the score of 5-0 in favor of Alhambra. We went home feeling that we did not have quite a square deal and confident we could beat them in another game.

JOHN SWETT VS. LIBERTY

The final game of the league was played

here on Nov. 7th with John Swett High of Crockett. They came with the intention of beating us "good and proper", as they did two years ago. However, we gave them a surprise.

Of all the games this was the best. All our boys were in fighting trim and Shafer was pleased with our showing. Our serum worked fine and the back field was also better than usual. Almost immediately after the kick-off in the first half, Barkley crossed the line and scored 3 points for Liberty. We failed to convert and for the rest of the first half it was about an equal fight. Gradually, Crockett forced us back and forced their way, after many serums, over the goal line. When the whistle blew the score stood 3-3.

During the second half we had the ball in our territory almost continually. Our serum seemed to be getting better all the time and Joe Hand, our hook, got the ball out on our side line continually. After many serums and "rucks" on our 5 yard line the ball was taken over, but we failed to convert. In a minute or so the whistle blew and the score stood 6-3 in our favor.

In honor of our victory Coach Shafer treated us to soda water at the Teacup Inn.

BASKET BALL

Liberty was very successful in basket ball this year. Immediately after football was over, the boys commenced practice. Joe Hand was elected captain, and Walter Swift, manager. A great interest was taken in the game and there was much material to pick from. Through the generosity of Bruns Brothers, we were allowed to practice in the garage when the weather was bad. The county schedule was arranged in December, and the games were to be played in January. Riverview, Alhambra and Liberty were the only schools having boy's teams that were represented. Riverview forfeited her games to Liberty and Alhambra, so we only needed to defeat the boys from the county seat, to win the county championship.

LIBERTY VS. TOWN TEAM

On Friday evening, Jan. 15, we had a

practice game with a home team of former high school boys. It was a very lively game throughout and Liberty always kept the lead. The game ended with the score 18-21 in favor of Liberty.

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

Saturday evening, Feb. 6, the Alhambra team of Martinez came up to Brentwood with the best "intentions." However, they were somewhat surprised. The boys practiced hard during the week preceding the game and were in good trim.

The game commenced immediately after the girls had finished, and was exciting from the start. Liberty made a number of goals within a few minutes.

The Alhambra guards were kept on a lively move by our fast forwards, while their forwards tried time and again to "ditch" our guards, but without avail. At the end of the first half Liberty was considerably in the lead.

The second half started with a rush. Alhambra's fighting spirit was up, but her forwards could not find the basket except on special occasions. When the whistle blew at the end of the last half the score stood 26-12. Liberty had won her first boy's basket-ball pennant.

We received the championship pennant in the latter part of March and it was set up on the wall in the assembly hall. There it hangs beside the girl's pennant, as a proof of Liberty's ability in basket-ball.

WINNERS OF THE "L".

The following have won the block "L" for faithful practice and participating in four or more football games:

1915. Walter Swift, Joseph Hand, Alvin Howard.

1916. Henry Barkley, Henry Winfree, Edward Hevey, Vernon Cakebread.

1917. Frank Shellenberger, Aubrey Williamson, Clifford McNamara, James Cakebread.

1918. Stanley Nunn, John Suffern.

TRACK MEET

The annual track meet was held in Concord, April 24. The Liberty men were: J. Hand, R. Fox, C. McNamara, A. Roberts, F. Shellenberger, W. Swift, and A. Williamson.

The boys had a very poor track on which to practice and with no coach they found it difficult to induce any one to train properly or sufficiently. The captain, W. Swift and manager, H. Winfree did the best they could under trying conditions and deserve credit for putting a team in the meet.

Two of the team, H. Winfree and A. Howard were, at the last moment, unable to go.

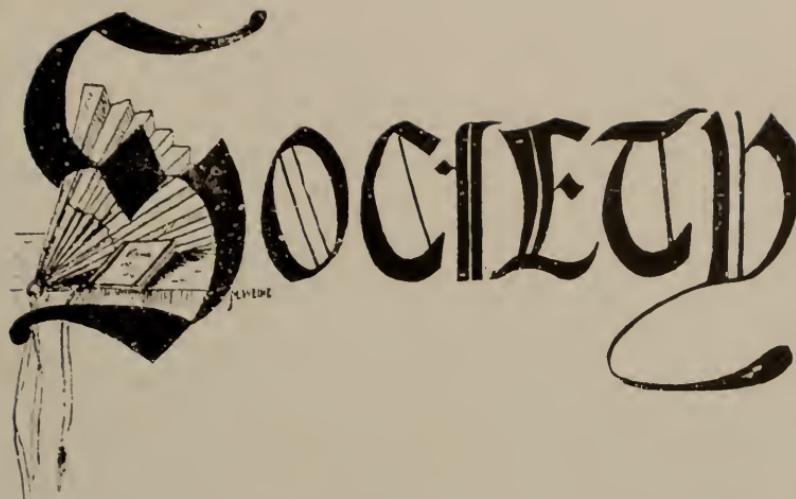
W. Swift took third place in the 440 and 880 yd.

C. McNamara third place in the hammer; and our relay team, composed of Swift, Hand, Williamson, Roberts, and Cakebread, took third place.

Let us hope that the trustees will employ a young man on the faculty for next year who can lead us in all our sports.



TRACK TEAM



The social events of our school days are good times to be remembered through life. Let us live over again those of this year.

First:—On Thursday evening, September 10, 1914, the frightened, shining, cleanly-washed faces of the Freshmen, appeared timidly, in the door-way of Coates' Hall.

The amusement started by playing games but as usual, the greater part of the evening was devoted to dancing. Freshmen, upper classmen, and the Alumni joined in the fun.

At twelve o'clock, signs of drowsiness were noticed among the little ones, so we fed them with dainty refreshments made and served by the girls of the cooking class. The little Freshmen certainly looked sweet as they sat at the table with a green bib tucked about the neck of each. As you well know, our rules forbid festivities after twelve o'clock. We do not count eating a festivity so it was almost one o'clock before we started for home.

THE HAY RIDE

On the evening of October 2nd, 1914, the Juniors gave a Hay Ride, in honor of the Seniors.

The jolly crowd gathered at Liberty about seven thirty and piled into a lumber wagon. This wagon not being large enough they went out of town a few miles and, after unloading the hay from a header-bed, clambered in, young folks and teach-

ers, and started for the Marsh Creek school house. Before they reached their destination, the horses refused to go any further, so the crowd agreed to stop and eat their lunch. After apples, pieces of cake, and sandwiches had been tucked away, they started home. Alas! when they had gone but a few miles the wagon broke down, and the crowd had to walk. Nevertheless we all enjoyed the ride.

On December 12, 1914, the annual Senior Ball, was given by members of the class.

The hall was artistically decorated with holly berries and mistletoe. The Seniors wore badges of orange and black, those being the class colors, and acted as floor managers. Delightful music was provided by the Shafer & O'Hara Orchestra.

At twelve o'clock a Tamale Supper was served, and after eating, all went home declaring, it to be one of the best times of the season.

Saturday evening, February 6, 1915, at the close of a double-header basket ball game, the students of L. U. H. S. gave a dance in honor of the Martinez girls and boys.

The affair was given in Coates' Hall, and the music was provided by the Shafer & O'Hara Orchestra. The dance closed at twelve o'clock, and all went home, the visitors declaring that they had had a delightful time.

The Junior Play and Ball

On the evening of March 19, 1915, the Junior Class presented "His Uncle John" at Coates' Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. It proved to be a great success and was praised by all who were present. The cast of characters was as follows:

John VanCourtland (His Uncle John)....	Joe Hand
Jack Sanderson.....	Henry Winfree
Bert Allison.....	Edward Hevey
Nubbins Goodwin.....	Vernon Cakebread
Mrs. Sanderson.....	Ruth Weihe

Luey Harrington.....	Polly Barkley
Mrs. Slaters.....	Emma Shellenberger

After the play dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock.

The Annual Junior Ball given in the "Hotel Brentwood," proved to be one of the most exclusive and elaborate affairs of the school year.

The O'Hara & Shafer Orchestra furnished the music. The dance lasted until midnight and terminated with a splendid banquet.





EXCHANGES

In looking up our exchanges we have been able to find a very small number. Of the six schools in this county beside our own we have heard from only two. If a paper has been sent to us and not mentioned, don't feel slighted, for you probably know the care with which students replace papers in the proper places. We will endeavor to do our best with what we have.

Far Darter—St. Helena—A very good, well arranged paper. Your stories speak well for your school talent, and your joke department is especially good. You are fortunate that the citizens of your district take such an interest in your school.

The Netherlands—Rio Vista—Glad to hear from you. Your paper would be a credit to a much older school than yours.

The Elk—Elk Grove—Your many stories are very well written but a little more space for headings would improve the appear-

ance. Otherwise you are a very good paper.

The Advance—Arcata—An exceptionally good paper, full of well arranged and interesting matter. No criticism.

The Acta—Concord—We are pleased to see you among us again. You have a good paper, but why do you send out exchanges when you have no exchange department yourself. We would also suggest that you number your pages and have a table of contents.

The Golden Bear—Sonoma—A splendid paper, but why crowd the literary so near the front. You have a very appropriate cover design.

La Jolla—Antioch—You are quite a stranger, glad to see you. Your pictures are excellent, but your stories could be improved.

THE HOROSCOPE

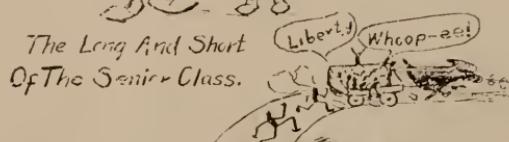
SENIORS	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
Frances Brown.....	Fritzie	Oh Pooh! Pooh!	Her figure	Queening	To get fat	Simply faded away
Roy Fretichs.....	Satis	Oh shut up!	His legs	Love for his auto	To have small feet	Too small shoes
Joe Hand.....	Bruno	Sure, I'll do that	His red cap	Being too obliging	To be a lady's man	Walking to Muir station
Alvin Howard.....	Rip	I want a girl!	Bashfulness	Cutting classes	To be a hermit	The girls
Blanche-Juett.....	Blanche	Well, y' see it's like this	Talkativeness	Giggling in German	To be serious	The annual
Walter Swift.....	John	Well, y' see it's like this	Impudence	Winking at all the girls	To get a girl	Broken heart 'cause he couldn't get a girl
Nova Sheldrick.....	Freddie	Well, shunty!	Carbs	Getting flustered	To be tall	Got preyed to death
Ella Wutz.....	Wenie	Oh, is that so!	Brown dress	Being sarcastic	To leave Brentwood	Her horse
JUNIORS	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
Polly Barkley.....	Popes	Wait for me, Mary Ann	Good nature	Behavior on hay ride	To be a shark in B. B.	Too much sufferin'
Henry Cakbread.....	Hank	Oh, golly! golly!	Its cooking costume	Being nice to the teachers	To be a good cook	Its own cooking
Vernon Cakbread.....	Izzy	Oh, I'll tell you later	Eyes	Going riding after school	To grow up	Frickleness
Eddie Hevey.....	Chick	Oh, I enjoyed it	Head	Talking to Ruth in Assom.-To boss	Junior play	Junior play
Andrew Porter.....	Porter	You know it	Its tow hair	Having nothing to say	Lost his girl	
Raymond Prevett.....	Dominick	What does that word mean?	Loose-jointedness	Asking foolish questions	Tried to work his brain	
Emma Shellenberger.....	Emma	Wait a minute	Phuedity	Getting excited over letters	Joy riding	
Ruth Wellie.....	Shaky	Oh! Oh! Baby	Her crackling laugh	To learn to run an auto	Love	
Henry Winfree.....	Niggah	Oh! Shuah!	Pompadour	Teasing	An explosion in Chemistry	
SOPHOMORES	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
Charles Barkley.....	Speedy	Speed, Ah-lise, Speed!	Sideborthus	Knowing it all	To get out of high school	His motorcycle
Sayde Brown.....	Brick Top	What's this I see?	Hair	Lack of enthusiasm	To be an old maid	Her hair ignited
James Cakbread.....	Jim	I should worry!	Necktie	Talking to Neva on the way home	To overcome blushing	Burned by his blushes
Zelma Dainty.....	Zebbie	Just what do y' mean?	Wobbliness	Bagging in the Assembly	To get algebra into her head	Just naturally fell to pieces
Bertha Howard.....	Bebe	Come to think about	Solonuity	Not laughing at German	To see the point	Cold storage eggs
Harold Lucas.....	Preach	the matter	Socks	Arguing	To run things	Argued himself to death
Clifford McNamara.....	Clif	Who said so?	New sweater	Flirting	Iash'fany	Was too lazy to live
Grace Millet.....	Gregory	What's the joke?	Crinkiness	Crabbing	Smiled by accident	Smiled by accident
Mary Roberts.....	Kiddo	You poor booh!	Smile	Trying to fix her hair	Trying to keep up with the styles	Trying to keep up with the styles
Arthur Roberts.....	Bobbie	Gez whiz!	Corduroys	To be up to date	To be early	Hurrying
Frank Shellenberger.....	Shelle	Aw kick 'em out!	Popularity with the girls	Being late	To be clever	Laughed too hard at his own jokes
Fern Squires.....	Twimie	Oh dear! Oh dear!	Dimple	Flushing	To be a poetess	Her German poem

FRESHIES		FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
John Sullivan.....	Little Johnnie	Aw go on!	Quietness	Has none	To be great	Was too good to live
Aubrey Williamson.....	Sunley	Hollo, friendess!	Cheerfulness	Stufling all the time	To be lively	Spilled the top of his head off
Arleah Willet.....	Sunnalisy	That isn't nice.	Properness	Being shocked	To be naughty	Was shocked to death
Muriel Burness.....	Fat	I ought to get more than that that Oh who's talkin'?	Lengthiness Her babyish expression	Talking of grammar school To reduce dutys	To be quiet	Reduced too much
Carl Cowell.....	Cowan	What's it to you?	Popularity with the boys	Talking	To be a person of importance	Had to be quiet five minutes
Roswell Donaldson.....	Rozzle	What's this!	Naughtiness	Losing his algebra Getting puzzled when tested	To be a Senior	Agitated
Ransom Fox.....	Freshie	Oh you darling!	Small mouth	Turned somersaults	To be coy	Got teased to death
Esther Hudson.....	Ike	Oh it's terrible!	Her bratish expression	Not hearing in shorthand	To be a flirt	Broke her neck turning some results
Katie Hudson.....	Kate	Burned if I know	Popularity with the boys	To burn basket ball	To be a flirt	Died of old age learning basket ball
Mya Healy.....	Idealy	Oh, is that so!	Naughtiness	Blue motorcycle	To be short	Some girl snifled at him
Ruth Lent.....	Rufus	Aw, what do you know about it!	Small mouth	Tonehiness	To be a fairy	Her boarders just pinched away
Virginia Lent.....	Gin	I don't know	Her bratish	Playing basket ball	To be big	Was too mean to live
Sed Margaret.....	Brother Bill	Solidy home!	Naughtiness	Being shairy		
Herschel Miller.....	Homathus	Aw, come on!	His lop-sided grin	Boxing		
Georgia Nunn.....	Geo.	Cut it out!	French twist	Quvening with a Senior		
Stanley Nunn.....	Tobe	I guess not me	His blank expression	Being kissed by the girls		
Forrest Stufler.....	Forry	I'm awfully good	Rosy cheeks	Going home early		
Homer Swift.....	Red	I'm a Chinaman	Hair	Grouchiness		
Mabel Stedding.....	Maibe	Atom	Neatness	Dreaming		
John Stufler.....	Atom	Oh that's not sanitary	Freckles	Chewling gum		
Minerva Welvo.....	Pinksy		Skinniness	Cutting up		

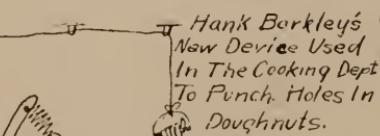
SCHOOL DAYS



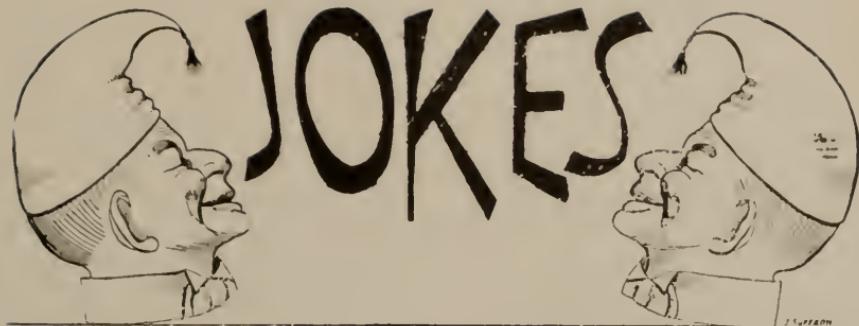
The Long And Short
Of The Senior Class.



Stone House



R. Terrell '15



The editor requests that all jokes be written on tissue paper so she may be able to see through them.

Miss G. (in written English Ex.): Tell what you can about the life of Chaucer.

Raymond: His father was a wine cellar.

Miss G. (in Eng. 1. Lady of the Lake): Herschel, what is the meaning of, "His suit was warm?"

Herschel: It means his clothes were warm.

Henry W: Today is Columbus Day, isn't it?

Emma: Yes.

Ruth W: Is today Columbus' birthday?

Blanche: Oh, look, that man has trimmed his wig.

Neva: Why, you ivory dome, it don't grow!

Miss Domonoske: Harold, what is the meaning of sarcophagus?

Harold: (doubtfully) Well I think it is some kind of an animal.

Blanche: For the love of Mike, close that door or the stove will go out.

Frances: Yes, I noticed that it has been treating us rather coldly of late.

Prof: Boys, can't this case be settled out of school?

Boys: Sure, that's what we were trying to do when you called us in the office.

Emma (noticing a rig go by): Did that buggy have rubber tires?

Neva: No, but it had "Slats" at the back.

Bertha: Is this of the right consistency? (Miss Anthony: Yes, now beat it.)

WHY DOESN'T HE BITE?

Emma: Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to that of a girl's waist?

Ransom: Let's get a string and see.

Roy: One of the cylinders is missing.

Zelma: Let's go right back and get it.

RURAL RYMES.

The cows are in the meadow,

The sheep are in the grass,

But all the simple geese,

Are in the Freshman class.

Miss Gehringer: What are the three words used most in this class?

Herschel: I don't know.

Miss Gehringer: Correct.

Blanche: (Running her finger down the back of Frances' neck sings) "My boney, boney lassie."

Blanche: What is the matter with this lamp, it's all green?

Walter: It must have been near a Freshman.

Virginia: The mice have eaten my pattern.

Miss Anthony: Yes, they got in the chemistry room and ate up two yeast cakes.

Ruth: No wonder they have been raising the dickens.

JOKE ON THE TEACHER

Miss Gehringer: (coming across the word heirloom, explains it). "An heirloom is a loom they used to use in olden days. The women saved their combings and made switches of them on heirlooms."

Prof.: What is the meaning of ague?

Aubrey: A chilly fit.



There is a young lady named Blanche
Who once did visit a ranche
She climbed up a tree
And skinned up each knee
And came down like a great avalanche

WHO COULD IT BE?

(Joe standing in the hall waiting for German class to commence).

Roswell (inquisitive Fresh.): Whatcha doing?

Joe: Waiting for class.

Roswell: What's her name?

Ruth W: I see you're back again, Hank.

Henry B: Gosh, I told ma to fix that.

Ruth: Fix what?

Henry: Why, my shirt.

Frances: Aw, I think that your brains
have gone to your feet.

Ruth W: (Unthinkingly) Yes, that's
why they're so small.

There, there, little Freshie,
Do not cry,
You'll be a Suffermore,
Bye and Bye.

Adella: Who originated the first geometry problem?

Harold: I pass, who?

Adella: Noah.

Harold: What's the answer?

Adella: Why, didn't he construct the Ark-B. C.?

Eddie (after defeating the intention of a Freshie) Did you ever get left?

Ned: My mother always took me.

Ella: (appearing in a new dress). Is this dress easily spotted?

Ruth: Gosh, yes, at least four blocks off.

THOSE SENIORS

Roy: I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart.

Henry W: How much?

Roy: Two pints.

Minerva: He was the goal of my ambitions, but—

Zeb: But what, Sis?

Minerva: Father kicked the goal.

Prof. (in algebra): If your work doesn't pick up, you'll be kept back a year. How would you like to have all the class get ahead of you?

Jack S: Oh, I guess there will be more class next year, all right.

Prof: Who is responsible for all this noise?

Raymond: I just dropped a perpendicular to a horizontal line.

Miss Anthony: Of whom was Caesar a descendant?

Bright Soph: Adam and Eve.



There is a young lady named Neva
She is a heartless deceivah
She flirts with each boy
And tries to be coy
But not one of them will believe her.

(Raymond looking out of the window at a swell dame passing by).

Mr. Martin: Let's give attention to the class, Raymond.

Raymond: I am.

Miss Gehringer: Frank, if you had recited that poetry as fast as May, what would it have been?

Frank: A three step.

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

Ruth L: I put olive oil on my face to keep the "chaps" off.

Miss Gehringer: Neva, do you know what the blue devils are?

Neva: Sure, they are some kind of an insect, aren't they?



There is a young lad named Walter
His habits he surely must alter
For whocver the girl
He thinks her a pearl
If only his wink's she will fall ter.

Miss Demoneske (in shorthand): Esther, what are you doing with your "i" there?

Polly: (Speaking to dog) Come here and let me kiss you.

Andrew: Do you always kiss your dog?

Polly: Yes.

Bud: I suppose that's why Jack is so snappy lately.

Walter: Can't you put a nickel in nitric acid and get copper out of it?

Miss Anthony: Oh no, only dimes and dollars contain copper.

Walter: Well put two nickels in then, that makes a dime.

NOT OUT OF COURTESY

Blanche: Aw, hit Zelma, Herschel.

Herschel: Oh, I wouldn't do that.

Blanche: Why not?

Herschel: She might hit me back.

Blanche: Is the color of this goods fast?

Clerk: Certainly, it's as fast as the roses in your cheeks.

Blanche: (hastily) Show me something else please.

Frances' Dad: Frances, why don't you ask that young man why he doesn't go home earlier?

Frances: But papa, I know already.

Frances: Gee, I smell tamales!

Raymond: Aw, it's somebody burning rubbish.

Neva (rushing into the Assembly): Who's got "Freckles"?"

CHEMISTRY

Miss Anthony: What causes an explosion?

Blanche: When two gases meet.

Miss A.: Yes, but there's another cause too.

Blanche: When too large an object gets in too small a space.

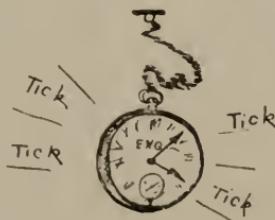
Henry: Look out, Blanche!

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT POETRY

'Tis evening and the setting sun
Is rising in the glorious West,
The rapid rivers slowly run;
The frog is in his downy nest;
The festive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious leap from bow to bow.

Blanche: Oh! Alvin's got the measles!

Ella (quickly): Yes, and Bertha's got my cap.



There is a young Senior named Roy
His watch is in his great pride and joy
He winds it in school
And acts quite the fool
And plays with it as 'twere a toy.

POOR FRESHMAN

Vernon: What is the difference between a Freshman and a monkey?

John: I don't see.

Vernon: Neither do I.

Blanche: Gee, my hands are cold.
Frances: Well sit on them.
Blanche: Aw, I don't want to smash 'em.

CHAUCER AGAIN

Senior (reading): And rag(e) he coud(e)
as it wer(e) right a whelpe.

Miss G: Please give that in your own
words.

Senior: And he could rag just like a
puppy dog.



There is a young boy we call Joe
'Mong the girls he has not a foe
On him they use smiles
And all their gay wiles
And he never can answer them, "No."

He prepareth a table before me in view
of my ignorance. He stuffed my ivory
cranium with aneedotes. My head tun-
neth over. Surely brain fever will follow
me all the days of my life and I shall go
to Stockton and dwell there forever.

OF COURSE

Miss Gehringer: Who fell at the battle
of Hastings?

Harold: Soldiers.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Miss Anthony: If you put sodium on
water, what will happen?

Blanche (Bright Senior): You'll have
soda water.

Prof: But you had to take the examination
last time.

Roswell: I know it.

Prof: And you got 5.

Roswell: I know it.

Prof. (with relieved expression): Well,
you do know something.

Miss Anthony: (in chemistry) Frances,
tell the class all you know about match
making.

Roy: That was a rash act of Howard's.

Raymond: What did he do?

John: Went and caught the measles.

Mr. Martin (to Blanche who is chewing
gum): What's the matter with the lower
part of your face?

Blanche: It's loose.

CLEVER FRESH

Miss G.: Carl, did I see you looking in
your book?

Carl: Oh, no, Miss Gehringer I'm sure I
closed it before you saw me.

THOSE FRESHIES

Freshie: (translating German): Der Sohn
des Lehrers schreibt dem Onkel einen Brief
(the son of the teacher writes the uncle a
letter).

Miss G.: Give the syntax of "einen Brief"
(a letter).

Freshie: "Einen Brief" is accusative, be-
cause it accuses the letter of being writ-
ten.

HEARD IN BYRON SKATING RINK

Henry W: What did you find to be the
hardest thing about roller skating when
you were learning?

Katie: The floor.



Poor Alvin's a bashful young boy
Yes, he is exceedingly coy

When girls talk mush

Oh, how he doth blush

And to tease him is their special joy.

Frank (reciting Merchant of Venice):
"Tell me where is fancy bred. In the heart
or in the head?"

Esther: In the bakery.

Prof: Harold, you had better get to work and stop looking at Grace.

Harold: Yes, Mr. Martin, but I want to see her outline. (Meaning History.)

THE TRUTH

Miss G (in English 3 to Raymond who was crabbing about studying): Why do you come to school?

Raymond: Because I have to work if I don't and this is easier.



There is a young lady named Ella
Her sarcasm she should quell-a
For what ever one's fault
She never doth halt
For say she doth ball them out well-a.

WIND

Ella: Ruth Weihe is some breeze around here.

Frances: Why so?

Ella: Haven't you heard her blow?

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"Do a driving business," said the hammer. And the barrel added,

"Never lose your head."

"Make light of everything," the fire observed cynically.

"But always keep cool," said the ice.

Miss G. (in English, after Roy had finished scanning a line of poetry): What kind of feet have you, Roy?

Walter (aside): They're number thirteen.

Ella: Where can I get "Freckles"?

Blanche: Out in the sunshine I guess.

Miss Anthony: In what country is the sea of Galilee?

Henry B.: Well I'll be hanged.

Alvin: Why?

Henry: I'm suspended.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

Alvin was taking chemistry,

He played with lots of things,

He took a whiff of chlorine,

Now he navigates on wings.

Miss Anthony (in cooking): I told you twice to make muffins. Haven't you any intellect?

Zelma: No, Miss Anthony. There's none in the house.

Frank: John was put out of the game last night.

Aubrey: What for?

Frank: He forgot to shave and was kicked out for roughness.



There is a young lady named Frances
Who oft tries to learn the new dances

She slides and she dips

She whirls and she trips

And every one howls as she prances.

Miss Gehringer: When did the revival of learning take place?

Walter: Just before examinations.

Minerva (pointing to Henry Burkley in a football suit): What's that?

Raymond: A mistake.

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Josh Calendar

Jan. 11—Gloom. School starts again. Frances starts a fire in Chemistry but Miss Anthony comes to the rescue.

Jan. 12—Neva makes a dramatic entrance into the English Class.

Jan. 14—Esther tries to turn somersaults in the basement.

Jan. 15—Zetma takes her hair down—I'll be "switched." Ruth dies, Raymond faints. Frances finds a hunk of pink gum and generously divides with Walter.

Jan. 18—Smiley falls down stairs, Minerva plays footman.

Jan. 19—The school is suddenly stricken with an attack of religion.

Jan. 20—A dignified Senior is tumbled under her desk and emerges, looking somewhat disheveled.

Jan. 21—Neva falls up stairs; the three (dis)graces have prominent places in German.

Jan. 22—Neva goes to sleep in English and sneezes violently in Student Body meeting.

Jan. 27—Gloom. history Exam's begin. Lightweight Prewett and Middleweight Miller have a one round bout in the basement.

Jan. 28—Minerva scatters snuff in the Assembly room. Aehoo! Kercho!

Feb. 2—Mr. Martin says there will be no Hist. Ex. Slats goes into hysterics.

Feb. 5—Frances' mind must be wandering, she brings her lunch in the office.

Feb. 9—Polly jumps the hurdles in English.

Feb. 10—Neva has a new hair comb.

Feb. 12—Seniors have a discussion about cheese in English.

Feb. 15—Miss Gehringer gets a valentine box and treats the Senior English Class.

(Concluded on the ninth page forward.)

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Josh Calendar--Concluded

Feb. 17—Frances gets the measles. Mr. Martin peeves the kids by telling them to take care of their belongings hereafter.

Feb. 19—Mr. Martin announces Monday will be a holiday. Raymond faints.

Feb. 22—Holiday! Oh, joy!

Feb. 24—Miss Anthony puts a can of sealing wax on the stove. It boils over but Mr. Martin comes to the rescue.

Feb. 26—Cliff tries to take a bite out of Tobe's head and loses a tooth.

Mar. 2—Blanche spills alcohol on her hands and gets on fire.

Mar. 3—Great accident. Ella runs into a bunch of cows and demolishes her equipage. Blanche gets a wad of gum stuck on her neck.

Mar. 4—Blanche announces that she has to churn.

Mar. 5—Swifts go too swift.

Mar. 8—Zelma wears a new skirt and girdle, not saying whose they are.

Mar. 9—Neva causes a great commotion by taking her typewriter into her English Class.

Mar. 10—Henry Winfree has a new pompadour.

Mar. 11—Eventful day! Neva and Adella appear in new creations. Zeb has a new hair comb. Help! Frances makes a dash for Liberty.

Mar. 12—A tempest in a teapot is aroused in German II.

Mar. 15—Our jokes are examined by the National Board of Censorship and only half of them escape. The editorial staff has hysterics.

Mar. 16—A compromise is effected on the joke business.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's day is celebrated in a fitting manner.

Mar. 18—Ned Macgurn frightens the short-hand class into hysterics by fainting.

Mar. 22—An attack of Spring fever seizes Liberty.

Mar. 23—The Senior Girls disgrace themselves by cutting up in the office.

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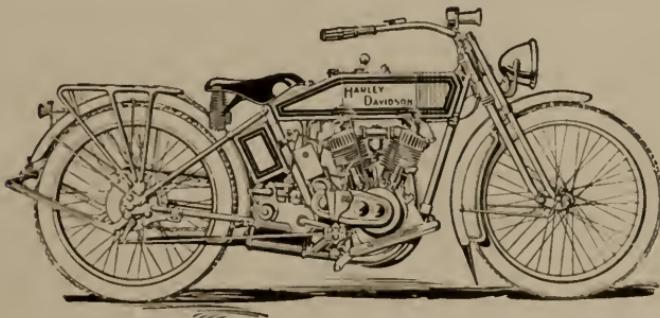
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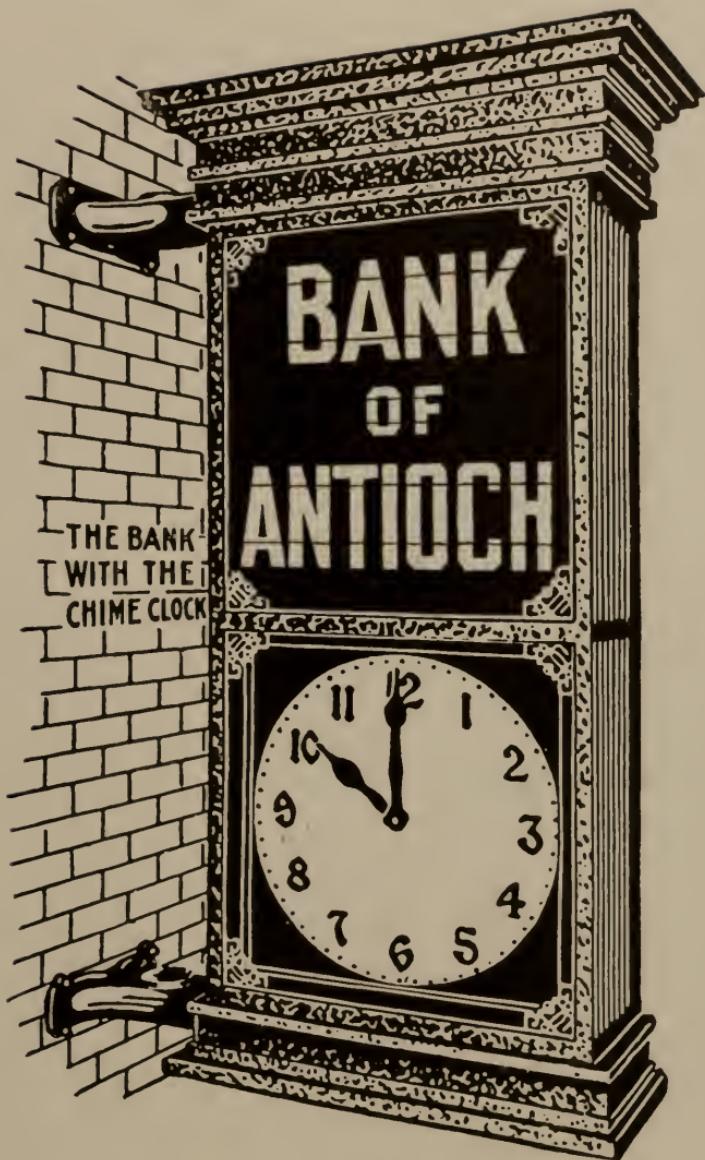
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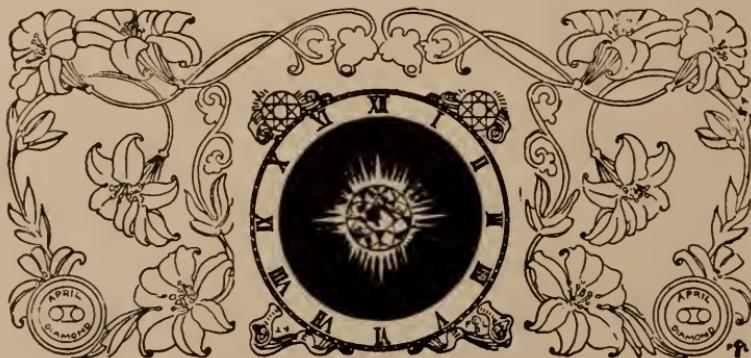
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It is not our policy to conserve the interests of a few favored patrons but rather to help all our customers and to extend to all such legitimate courtesies and conveniences as make a good strong bank of infinite value to those who do business with it.

The manner with which all our business is conducted is the best evidence that our relations with our depositors are very satisfactory.

WE CARRY AMPLE RESERVES. OUR INVESTMENTS ARE THE BEST. WE ARE SUBJECT TO AS CAREFUL INSPECTION AS ANY OLDER INSTITUTION. OUR DEPOSITORS ARE JUST AS HIGHLY PROTECTED.

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BYRON, CALIFORNIA.

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Commercial Savings

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Liberty Bell
Liberty Union High School
Brentwood, California

Class Colors
Black and Orange

Motto
Let There Be No Ill Will

Flower
California Poppy

Class Officers
—
Roy Frerichs, President
Blanche Inett, Vice President
Frances Brown, Secretary and Treasurer

To the
Board of Trustees
This 1915 Number of
Liberty Bell
Is Respectfully Dedicated

In Memoriam

William Shafer

Faculty

J. J. Martin, Principal
Mathematics, History, and Latin 1

Mr. C. C. Clark
Woodwork, Forge, and Mechanical Drawing

Miss H. Domonoske
Commercial Branches, Latin 11, and Medieval
and Modern History

Miss E. Anthony
Ancient History, Domestic Science and Chemistry

Miss L. Gehring
German and English

Mrs. M. E. Gates
Free Hand Drawing

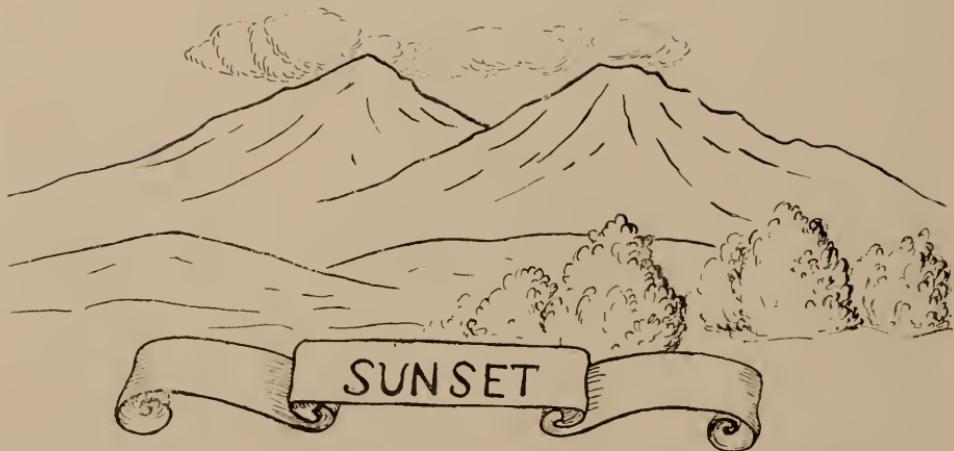
Trustees

W. P. Howard, President
Joseph Premett
B. W. Burroughs
John Geddes
Robert Wallace, Clerk

Commencement Program

Invocation.....	REV. C. G. LUCAS
Song.....	SCHOOL
Salutatory	MR. JOE HAND
Piano Solo.....	MISS ZILLA COOK
Address.....	HON. FREEMAN H. BLOODGOOD
Vocal Solo	MR. L. V. RICHARDSON
Class Will.....	MISS NEVA SHEDDRICK
Vocal Solo.....	MISS LINDA GEHRINGER
Valedictory.....	MISS BLANCHE JUETT
Piano Duet.....	THE MISSES FOTHERINGHAM
Presentation of Diplomas	MR. J. I. MARTIN
Class Song	GRADUATING CLASS
Benediction.....	REV. C. G. LUCAS

DANCING



*Silently o'er the mountain stole
A soft grey cloud tinted with gold;
And down behind two purple peaks
Sank the sun that never sleeps;
But on the morrow with glories unfurled,
It will rise again to brighten our world.*

by Ruth E. Lent. '18

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The Graduating Class



BLANCHE JUETT



FRANCES BROWN



ELLA WURZ



NEVA SHEDDRICK

Liberty U. H. S.

1915

The Graduating Class



JOE HAND



ALVIN HOWARD



ROY FRERICHS



WALTER SWIFT

Liberty U. H. S.

1915



Exhibit of work from Manual Training Department
of Liberty Union High School.

EDITORIAL



Editorial Staff

Blanche Juett, Editor-in-Chief

Frances Brown, Associate Editor

Neva Sheddick, Society Editor

Neva Sheddick, Josh Editor

Joe Hand, Business Manager

Walter Swift, Associate Manager

Harold Collis, Alumni Editor

Alvin Howard, Exchange Editor

Polly Barkley, Girl's Athletics

Edward Hevey, Boy's Athletics

Roy Frerichs, Cartoonist

Poor old Annual! It seems as if our Annual has a new name nearly every year. In 1913 the Student Body itself named it the Liberty Bell and it was then decided never to change it again, but last year's class named it "Lux." This year we have resumed the former title and hope to see it remain unchanged in the future.

Our boys are doing splendidly in Manual Training and Blacksmithing and our girls are doing some very creditable work in sewing.

Our latest feature is the Cooking Department. The trustees had a neat little bungalow built especially for this purpose and had it equipped with all the necessary utensils, including many electrical appliances. The girls enjoy taking cooking under the able instruction of the head of that department and the boys certainly

enjoy the girls' dainty viands which are concocted in the kitchen.

We have more school spirit this year than last. The boys surely have awakened and are not going to let the girls get ahead of them in athletics. They put a strong football team in the field, tying for third place in the C. C. A. L. Schedule and are also taking up baseball and are going in for the track meet. The girls of the basket ball team showed splendid spirit and team work. Both boys and girls have very good basket ball teams, and have won the championship pennants for 1915.

The Editor wishes to thank all who have so willingly assisted her. The staff has worked very diligently and the school has generously contributed to the success of this book.

We wish to thank the advertisers who have so cheerfully patronized us.

Academy

CLASS '05

Edith A. Sellers (Mrs. Herbert French), an accomplished pianist, resides in Salinas.

CLASS '06

Anna O'Hara is teaching school in Pittsburg; Roy Heek is employed by Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden of San Francisco; Effie A. Chadwick (Mrs. Ray Bonnickson) resides near Byron; Hattie Russell (Mrs. O'Banion) in Oakland; Pearl Grove (Mrs. Henry Sellers) near Knightsen; Fern V. Cummings in Berkeley; Fern Howard is farming on Marsh Creek; George Barkeley, now a full fledged lawyer, is deputy county clerk in Martinez; Bertha Sanders (Mrs. Arthur Biglow) resides in San Francisco.

CLASS '07

Alma Allen resides with her parents near Escalon; Harold Swift is employed in Arizona; Euna Goodwin (Mrs. Earl Shafer) resides near Oakley; Johanna Grueninger (Mrs. Joe Jesse) in Oakley.

CLASS '08

Leonard Dainty is a successful farmer on Marsh Creek; Millard Diffin is a hustling young rancher in the same neighbor-

hood and in his leisure moments has shown great skill at baseball; Addie Knight (Mrs. Mecum) resides in Berkeley.

CLASS '09

Edna Heck (Mrs. Ralph Crowther) is principal of the Brentwood Grammar School; Bessie Collis is keeping house for her father in Brentwood, Edna Heidorn is principal of the grammar school in Knightsen; Iva Bonnielson resides with her mother in Berkeley; Willie Morgans, after an attack of serious illness, is endeavoring to regain his health under the watchful care of his mother in Brentwood; Robert Wallace is a very successful farmer near Brentwood.

CLASS '10

Chas. O'Hara, James and Joseph Barkley are students at U. C., Berkeley; Ray Shafer has returned to his studies at the College of the Pacific after a rest of one semester; Rose Miller (Mrs. Eugene Wilson) resides in San Jose; Claude Wristen, Arthur Sheddick, William Cakebread, DeWitt Richardson, William Murphy and Ellis Howard are successful farmers in their respective neighborhoods; Camille Sresovich is cashier and bookkeeper for the Pittsburg Aluminum Co of San Fran-

cisco; Margaret White resides in Vacaville.

CLASS '11

Frank Helm is shipping clerk for Wm. Cluff of San Francisco; Van Prince, a skilled machinist, is employed by Holt Bros., Stockton; Marguerite Geddes is a junior at U. C.; Morgan Schroeder is managing the home place near Oakley.

CLASS '12

Esther Dainty has been teaching the Deer Valley school for the past two years; Olive Siple has been teaching the Iron House for two years; Katie Murphy is primary teacher in Brentwood; Jessie Johnson (Mrs. H. J. Wood) resides in San Francisco.

CLASS '13

Judson Swift is attending Polytechnic

Business College in Oakland; Richard Wallace is assistant cashier in the Brentwood Bank; Edith Cakebread will finish her course at the San Jose Normal in June; Myra Pearce (Mrs. Simpson) lives in Berkeley; Elaine Wallace is her mother's most efficient helper at home in Brentwood.

CLASS '14

Esther Murphy is attending San Jose Normal; Mary Parenti and Mae Pemberton are attending Western Normal at Stockton; Susie Diekinson is attending San Francisco Normal; Aileen Porter has recently completed a business course at Polytechnic Business College, Richmond; Henry Plumley is attending U. C.; Everett Lemoin is attending Polytechnic Business College, Oakland; Harold Collis is employed by Balfour-Guthrie Co., Brentwood.



BRENTWOOD NEWS

VOL. XI, No. 50

BRENTWOOD, CAL., JUNE 1, 1925

ALVIN HOWARD, Editor

REFORM PARTY

TRIUMPHS AT LAST

Miss Juett Elected Mayor

Radical Reforms Proposed

In the election of Miss Blanche Juett to the mayoralty of Greater Brentwood, the Progressive Reform Party has triumphed at last. Miss Juett is a young woman of sterling character whose greatest pride is her native city, Brentwood. The city may hope for great things.

Possessing a large heart and a great pity for all dumb and suffering animals, Miss Juett has promised to found a home for invalid and indigent cats and dogs. We hope this project will win the approval and hearty support of all the citizens of our beautiful city, as it is one of the greatest philanthropic movements of the age.

She also proposes a striking reform in the public schools. She wishes the teachers to provide a dainty repast for each class. The wisdom of this reform Miss Juett learned in her high school days. She vividly remembers the hours when she sat suffering the pangs of hunger, while she patiently awaited the sound of the bell which would bring to her the much desired article—food.

These are only two of the great number of reforms which Miss Juett will bring to pass. Again we wish to repeat that the city may hope for great things.

TO HONOR BRENTWOOD

Beautiful Star to Give Performance in City of Her Birth

Miss Neva Sheddick, the beautiful young star, is to make her appearance in Brentwood next week at the Brentwood Opera House (nee Coates' Hall) in her famous play, "The Flirt."

Her stage career has been one of continued success. Her dazzling beauty and sweet personality have endeared her to many, to say nothing of the charm of her wonderful acting. Miss Sheddick's rooms are always a bower of beautiful flowers. Many suitors have sought her hand, but she has steadfastly announced her determination to remain true to her art.

"The Flirt" is one of the most popular plays of the season. It ran for ten months at the Maxine Elliot Theatre in New York, and Miss Sheddick closed her engagement there to appear in her native city, Brentwood. She is to return to New York when her present engagement is ended.

NEW BOOK APPEARS

A new book has just made its appearance from the pen of the brilliant young author, Joe Hand. The title of the book is "Strolling." Mr. Hand has contemplated this book for some time as he gathered most of his material from his experiences during his high school days. "Strolling" has become very popular and is much in demand.

"Sliding Through" is another book by Mr. Hand, also very popular, especially among high school and college students.

Other books by Mr. Hand are "Popularity With the Girls," "The Single Man," and "The Athlete."

BRINGS PUBLIC TO HIS FEET

Roy Frerichs Biggest Laugh in Bing-Bing's Circus

Mr. Roy Frerichs, a former resident of Brentwood and vicinity has scored one of the biggest hits of the season as chief clown in Bing-Bing's Circus. He impersonates Tom Thumb and other diminutive figures. He is the children's favorite and the little ones scream with delight when their funny friend appears on the tanbark.

Although Mr. Frerichs is at his best as a clown, he is a skilled tight-rope walker. It is thrilling indeed to see the slender figure in purple tights make his way swiftly and carefully across the tent upon the tightly stretched wire. People hold their breath for fear he will fall, but they do not know the cool nerve and the firm footing of the man high up in the air with nothing between him and death but his feet.

Brentwood will soon have a chance to see Roy perform, for Bing-Bing's will appear in this city early in September.

EDITORIAL

ALVIN HOWARD, Editor

We wish to call the attention of the public to the rapid growth of our beautiful city and also of this, our news scatterer, especially after we took hold. We remember our high school days in dear old Liberty Union.

In those days Brentwood was only a village and the NEWS was printed once a week. Now Greater Brentwood is second only to San Francisco. The NEWS is one of the leading dailies and Liberty Union is among the greatest schools in the State. And we are editor of the NEWS. Also please notice the good fortune of all our classmates.

WANTED—By an old maid, someone to love me. Apply to Ella Wurz, 23 Prune Avenue, Brentwood, Cal.

BRILLIANT WEDDING OF POPULAR COUPLE

Miss Brown and Mr. Hogenheimer Plight Their Troth

A wedding of great interest took place in Brentwood last evening. At a brilliantly appointed ceremony Miss Frances Brown became the bride of Mr. Egbert Hogenheimer. The wedding took place in the new Congregational Church on Chestnut Avenue.

The church was beautifully decorated with marigolds and potato plant. Preceded by her attendants the charming bride, upon the arm of her father, swept up the aisle to the altar, where the unfortunate groom awaited his doom.

Miss Brown was exquisitely gowned in a charming creation of the new yellow lace over red satin. A veil of yellow mosquito netting completed the costume. The groom wore the conventional suit of blue silk crepe embroidered in pink sweet peas.

Miss Alicia Hogenheimer attended her future sister-in-law as maid of honor, while the Misses Joy Heartbreaker, Helen Street and Marjorie Love acted as bridesmaids. Mr. McGrath Alexander was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Weary Willie, Erasmus Jones and Racy Speed.

After the ceremony a reception and dinner was attended by the many friends of the couple at the magnificent Brown residence on Liberty Avenue.

Following a honeymoon spent in Oakley the happy pair will reside in Knightsen where Mr. Hogenheimer is head of the Pork Trust.

HEAVY LOSS IN EXPLOSION

Work of Many Years Destroyed When Chemist Forgets

A violent explosion, which took place in the laboratory of Walter Swift, the well known chemist, destroyed one of the greatest discoveries of the century. For several years Mr. Swift has been working upon a gas by means of which students could obtain their lessons without study.

He was deeply absorbed when a cry from his infant son caused him to drop everything and run to the rescue. But alas! after removing the heat from under the flask he forgot to remove the delivery tube from the water and, bang! the valuable work was destroyed.

But Mr. Swift is of a persevering nature and will begin at the beginning. In a few years he hopes to present his work to the public.

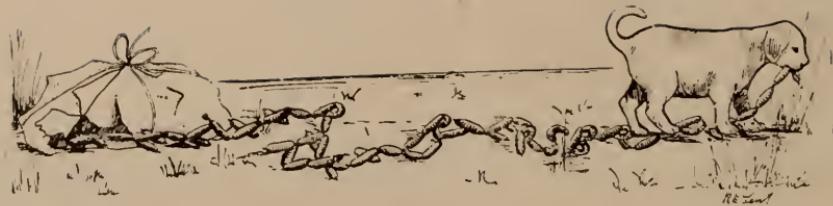
Ella Wurz '15



Opening of the P. P. J. E.

With beauty and grandeur, the world's greatest fair,
Emblazoned in glory, with setting most rare,
Looking out to the sea and the famed Golden Gate
The triumphal door-way of our gold-famous State,
The President at Washington, from executive chair,
Set the great wheels revolving, by spark through the air,
This city of beauty in wonders arrayed,
From memories history never will fade,
Our Australian neighbor from the antipodes,
With Japan and China from the orient seas,
Have erected their temples of beauty and art,
Aiding most nobly in doing their part,
Nations of Europe did graciously share,
In promoting and building our world's greatest fair,
Each one has built a palace most grand,
To exhibit fine arts of their native land,
The States of our Union, and Canada too,
Erected art buildings, antique ones and new,
Filled with exhibits, of art new and old,
With temples of jewels and palace of gold,
Our sister Republics, of the South Hemisphere,
In our great family circle, all have drawn near,
With grand, mission buildings, with facades of old,
In myriad colors finished in gold,
This gathering of Nations, famous history will make,
May it forge ties of friendship, that never will break,

Blanche Juett, '15.



Felix Frankfurter's Bride

Felix Frankfurter was a butcher as you well may know by his title. A short girl with red curly locks and a little turned up, freckled nose entered the butcher shop one day, with her wobbly, bowlegged dog, Needles. She and Felix were very well acquainted. The first day Felix met her he said to himself, "There's the girl for me," and straightway proceeded to court Sapphire. Finally he asked her to become his wife. The day of their marriage approached and all was in readiness but no Sapphire appeared. Felix waited and waited and waited which was about ten minutes, and finally growing impatient he started in the direction of Sapphire's home to find her if he could.

Meanwhile Sapphire, who had decided that she cared nought for marriage, fled to the feed stable and there hid in the barley bin. As she sat there all huddled up Felix's voice could be heard through the

craeks calling, "Sapphire! Sapphire! My darling, for the love of Mike appear, and make me a happy man once more."

Sapphire upon hearing the sad and sorrowful voice of Felix began to weep. When the rooster, who was picking up kernels of barley near by, heard the sobs, he became frightened and broke the speed limit. He hurried from the place, making such a noise that Felix's attention was drawn at once towards the bin which concealed his sobbing Sapphire. At a glance he had taken in the situation. Then lifting the lid, he helped out his long, lost love, brushing the barley from her hair while doing so. She sobbed out her troubles on his spotless white vest, which was no longer spotless. "Well Pet, brace up and we'll have a wedding after all," he comforted, pressing her hands.

Ruth Lent, '18.



The Freshman Class

In our class are just eighteen,
Seniors treat us awful mean,
Take our shoes off, pull our hair,
If they hurt us they don't care.

Let me tell you of our class
We're not all as green as grass,
Some are pretty bright you know
And the mark they always toe.

Ruth in drawing is a shark,
And of genius has a spark,
Minerva who has cheeks like roses,
During English po'ms composes.

Carl at the shop does work,
And his English likes to shirk,
While in Algebra every day,
Mabel is our chief mainstay.

Ned Macgnrn is a fiend at spelling,
What he gets there is no telling,
Kate at typing is some swell,
For she surely does it well.

Jack Suffren is the high school tease,
And with girls seems quite at ease,
Herschel Miller is quite coy,
And with the girls a popular boy.

Muriel is some class at sewing,
And in her brain is knowledge stowing,
In shorthand Esther breaks the speed,
And in the class she takes the lead.

Ransom always knows his History,
How he gets it, is a mystery,
Smart in German is Georgia Nunn,
And she think's it's lots of fun.

Mya does work at the shop,
When he begins he hates to stop,
Stanley in English is very good,
And can always be understood.

Homer is never in a hurry,
His motto is "I should worry,"
Now, this is enough of the Freshies dear,
We hope their traits are made quite clear.

Virginia Lent, '18.

Extracts From a Boy's Correspondence

Brentwood, California.
April 2, 1914.

Deer Bill:—Gosh, but it's lonesome since you went away, don't seem like nothin's the saim. Yestiddy was April Fools and we had a great time, but I kinda wish we hadn't. I aint been able to set down sence about six o'clock last nite, when pa got home.

Well, you know them to white kittens your ma gave mine when she went away? Well you know the darn things are always gettin my dog in trouble, the one I got from Red Elkins. They pest and tease around him and you know he's a good dog but theres some things he can't stand and cats is one, and so he lights out and chases em, and then when ma comes out and sees her kittens stuck upon the fence with their tales swelled up and there eyes poppin out and jest spittin like the fire when you throw water on it, why she ties poor Spotty up and then tells pa, and pa says: "Gues we'll have to get rid of that dog."

So yestiddy, that crosseyed Smith kid and me, we got those kittens and tied there tales together and slung em over the close-line, then I hollered to ma to come and see the airship and jest as she got to the back doore I yelled "April Fool!" and beet it. Say, you oughta seen them cats! I thought they liked each other but the way they went to it when they was slung over that close-line you'da thought they sure had it in for each other. They clawed and spit and scratched and bit and there was white hare aflying in every durection. Ma didn't ask where the airship was, just yelled, "Oh my poor kittens!" and I didn't wait to hear no more, but crawled through the hole in the fense and hiked through the back alley to school.

You know that the new girl with the long hare sets in front of me now. Well

she's a kinda nice kid, gave me some gum last week, but she's awful stuck on herself and loves that brade of hare more than anything. Keeps switchin it around in my face all the time, so yestiddy I picked it up reel quiet, took my gum out of my mouth (it was the wad she gave me too) rapped it around the end of her brade and then plastered it down to my desk. Gosh, I never knew gum would stick so. Well she sat still long enuf to let it git hard then the teecher called on her to read. She tried to git up but that brade was stuck fast and so she stuck. The teecher asked what was the matter but she never sed a word, jest started in to cry and then the teecher came down to see what was the matter. When she found out she jumped on me rite away never even asked who done it or nothin, and there I was studyin just as hard as you please. She gave me an awful lickin but that girl howled louder than I did when the teacher sed she guessed she'd have to cut the end of her hare off, she jest bellered like a young calf and all that fuss over a measly old brade of hare. Gosh aint girls the queer things?

Well when I got home for lunch I walked in like nothin had happened, but I was shakin in my boots. Ma's eyes was kinda red and she says, "Robert," (you know ma means business when she says Robert, its generally Bobbie.) "Robert I shall tell your father on you and he will punish you when he comes home this evening." I kinda wished she'd waited till after lunch because I couldn't eat much then but she didn't say anything more.

Nothin happened in the afternoon ceptin that Jack Rhodes got a lickin for laughin at the new girl's hare, she's got about 6 inches cut off. She dont set in front of me no more but it woudnt matter if she

did, her hare's too short to fasten now and besides I havent any more gum.

But I sure got an awful wallopin from pa that night. I ate supper off the kitchen table, standin up and today the teeacher asked me if there was a pin stickin me I wiggled around so much.

But I'll get even with that pesky girl and them darned cats for the two liekin they caused me. Neither cats nor girls is any good no how.

Yours,

Robert B. Ames Jr.

P. S. I forgot to tell you our cow had twin calves yestiddy.—Bob.

P. S. The new girl's mother won't speak to ma now, wimmen is queer as well as girls and cats.—B.

Brentwood, California.
May 12, 1914.

Dear Bill:—Say Bill, maybe you wont believe it, but I've pretty near lerned to dance. You know they have dancing school here now. They have it in the afternoon for the kids and at night for grownups.

Well yesterday afternoon ma dressed me all up, put that darned old collar on that spreads out on my coat (Eton she calls it) and took me over to the dancing school. There was a bunch of kids there, and they looked awful funny, especially the boys. I guess I looked funny too, cause me ears got awful red and felt just like red lamp-shades, and my feet felt awful light and queer in them pumps and silk socks. The girls was having a swell time, sitting around giggling and fussing their hair and looking at the boys.

Well a young lady with a awful tight skirt with ruffles, and high heel shoes and hair slicked back and earrings on came up to ma and ask "Does your little boy want to dance," and I stood up real straight so's she'd see I wasn't very small and Ma says, "Yes, go with the lady dear," and the lady grabbed my hand and started to walk across the floor with me where a bunch of boys were standing. Maybe you think I didn't feel like a darn fool,

and that fat Morse kid grinned all over. I'll swat him next time I see him just to make him grant he's so fat. Well she takes me up to the bunch, and says to Fatty Morse, "Percy will you try this boy. Its his first time." And I had to put my arm around that fat slob, (he felt just like a sack of flour) and Fatty starts in "One two, one two," and off we goes. Gosh that kid was heavy and he'd land on my foot every time he'd say two. Pretty soon I got sore, and just then we got to the door and I says "Let's go get cooled off," so we went outside and maybe you think I didn't land into that kid. I mussed him up something fierce, and just as I got through we heard somebody comin, and I says, "You better go home, son," so Fat beat it and the young lady come out and says, "Oh here you are Robert, I missed you. Dont you want to come in and dance with some of the little girls?" I didn't want to and besides I was kinda mussed up but she took my hand and I had to. She hiked over to where there was a big mob of the girls, with me tagging after her, and who do you suppose she made me dance with? The kid that had to have her hair ent off 'cause I put gum in it. Gee I was sore. Well I put my arm around her and grabs into the only thing I could find, it was the bow of the ribbon she had around her waist, and we started off. I stepped on her foot just for meanness, first thing and she gives a funny little gasp but don't say nothing. I only wished I'd had on my big boots stead of them pumps. She could dance pretty good so I hangs on to that blue ribbon for dear life and used it for a handle to turn her around with, and every time the rest of 'em turned I'd give that ribbon a yank and switch her around. I sure got even for that liekin she caused me. I just walked all over her feet and twisted that blue ribbon in fifty different directions. And then what do you suppose happened? Well that ribbon came untied and she kept on dancing and there I was hopping around with about fifty yards of blue ribbon in my hand. The fellas just howled and the kid says, "You nasty mean horrid boy you, you've ruined my sash. You aint got

no manners at all. You just pulled it rite off on purpose." And I says, "Aw go on, I was just hanging on to it, you did the pulling yourself." And then the dancing teacher comes up and says, "Why Robert, I'm surprised at you. Give Marie her sash," and I says, "Gosh I don't want the darned thing." She must have thought I wanted it. All this time the fellows was laughing fit to bust and I slams the ribbon down on the floor and starts over to clean up the bunch and I catches my foot in that ribbon and falls flat on the floor. Gosh I was mad. And just then ma comes over and the dancing teacher says, "Mrs. Ames, I think you'd better take Robert home he seems to be rather excited." Excited! Huh! I guess she'd have been excited too if she'd been made a fool of before about fifty people. And then Marie's ma comes rushing up and says to ma, "Madam, your son seems bent upon humiliating my daughter in every possible manner," and ma freezes up and says "I presume it is too great a stretch of memory to recollect that you were a child once." And she takes my hand and says, "come dear lets go home." And Marie's ma just got purple but ma never looked at her, just sails right out and we goes home.

I heard her and pa laughing awful hard after I went to bed that night, but it was no joke I tell you.

Yours,

Bob Ames.

P. S. Ill be darned if I go to that dancing school again, and I gave Red Elkins and Jim Barnes a couple of black eyes today when they says something about blue ribbons.

Brentwood, Cal.,
June 28, 1914.

Dear Bill:

Yestiddy was the first day of vacation and I earned a dollar.

You know Uncle Dick, ma's brother that goes to College? Well he came up Friday nite and said he was going to spend his vacation here. He's a kinda decent sort of fella but there's a girl staying at Field's

right next to us, who he used to know and he's awful sweet on her. She's a nice girl but she kisses me and musses my hair and calls me "Bobbie dear" right before all the folks.

Well yestiddy morning I was showin Uncle Dick around the place and you know those twin calves I was tellin you about? Well they was out in the lot back of our house and so was the old cow. The calves are pretty husky now and Uncle Dick says: "Say Bob, ol top les have some sport," and I says, "Sure." And he says, "Go get your little red wagon and a couple of pieces of rope." And so I did and he started out after the calves. They was at one end of the lot and the old cow was at the other. Well he walks up to them calves and ties the ropes around there necks and starts to lead them over to where the wagon was. Did they lead? Well I guess not. The red calf began to run one way and the spotted calf the other just as hard as they could tare. When they got to the end of the road they fell down and spun around on there jaw bones and nearly jerked Uncle Dicks arms out. But he's as game as they make em and hung on. Well those calves gets up in a jiffy and both starts to run the other way and Uncle Dick gets one roap twisted around his nees and the other around his ankles and then both calves starts off in the same direction and he has to go to. At first he tried hopping, but they went too fast and he trips and stumbles and finally falls down and skates along on his nose. Gosh it was the funniest thing I ever saw. You oughta seen them calves run, and there was Uncle Dick draggin and bumpin along behind 'em. He had swell white flannel pants on, and they was getting all streaked up with grass and dirt, and he had on low shoes and they both got untied and flew off and one bounced up and hit him on the ear. Gee he was the sorest guy I ever saw. "For Lord sake Bob," he yells, "get a knife and ent me loose," and he just swore a blue streak. But I was laughing so hard I couldn't do nothin but just run beside him. Just about that time though the old cow spots 'em and she starts toward

Uncle Dick with her head down and tail a'flyin' and then I got scared cause I thought she'd gore him. So I grabs my knife and cuts the ropes and those fool calves just kept on running and the old cow keeps heading for Uncle Dick. Well I cut the ropes around his feet and knees and then we both starts for the fence lickety split. We just got there in time and crawled over as she took a board off with her horns. Well you oughta seen Uncle Dick. All the skin was off the end of his nose and his hair was full of weeds and his face was pretty near covered with dirt and grass stain and his clothes too. The parts of his face that weren't covered were kinda pale yellow color and he was scared stiff. He didn't say nothin' for about five minutes, then he stuck his hand in his pocket and says, "Say Bob this is

yours if you never breathe a word of this to anybody, Marjorie especially." I wouldn't have told her anyway, but didn't tell him so, and I took the dollar and just grinned an says, "Sure."

Last night I heard him telling Marjorie how he bumped into a door in the dark and skinned his nose, and she says, "That's too bad."

But what do you know about it, she saw the whole thing cause she was over this morning and I heard she and ma laughin' about something and I listened and I heard Marjorie say, "Yes I was standing in the kitchen window and saw it all. He bribed Bobby not to tell." Wouldnt that bump you? But I should worry. I got the dollar anyway.

Yours, Bob Ames.

F. B. '15.



Sophomore Class

There are many who form the Sophomore Class,
Many a jolly laddie and lass.
Of these I will now try a little to tell,
So you will know they're coming along well.

Our Virgie has left us, 'tis sad to say,
To go Anacortes, which is very far away.
And now we turn to our classmate, Grace,
Who to use big words think's it's very good taste.

In basket ball Sayde is sure some shark,
And in Geometry always gets a good mark.
Adella always knows her lessons to a "t"
And can recite poetry as fast as can be.

Our Zelma thinks a lot of a certain boy,
And to play the part of Portia is to her a great joy.
But Bertha thinks each boy a beast
And cares for them, no, not in the least.

Studious Fern is adapted to learning,
And her greatest trouble is translating German.
May is always smiling it surely does seem,
And her ambition is to make the team.

Now to the boys and to their sports.
We find them on all sorts of "courts."
In hand-ball Ellis does sure take pleasure,
And no other Soph. can to his skill measure.

In foot ball Aubrey is sure some racer,
He can run and dodge like a "nigger chaser."
Frank has his sport in another way,
He's courting the girls most every day.

In Rugby, Clifford takes interest, they say.
And a clever player he'll be some day.
Sometimes John to school takes a hike,
And Charles comes whenever he likes.

And now, my friends, my tale is ended.
And all my knowledge is nearly expended.
I am a Soph. and proud of the name,
And no doubt you will give me no blame.

Harold Lucas, '17.

Wanted---A Rejuvenator

Personal—A business man of 35 has recently had a bereavement that depresses his spirits and makes office routine most difficult. His physician insists upon a complete change.

What young man, enthusiastic, a lover of sports wishes to undertake the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary's brother?"

"Jones" foots the bills; requisites are refinement, personality, and temperament. Please state qualifications and age. F. 23 Tribune.

The Gloom-man sat in his elaborate library staring into space, when the soft-footed servant brought in a card on a tiny tray. "Bub Phillips," it read, "the answer to your Ad."

He turned to view a saucy, boyish, tailored girl.

Bub seated herself. "I'm Dad's boy and you'll never know me from the real thing if you take me on,—'Baseball enthusiast, happy temperament and willing to rejuvenate. Jones foots the bills,' is what won me."

As the man sat silently eyeing her, she glanced around and said, "Where's Aunt Mary, shall I transact the business with her?"

The Gloom-man seemed to come back to life again and replied "That's the trouble, she put the advertisement in the paper on inspiration, then received a telegram from home saying, 'Tommy had the mumps' and away she flew, telling me to be sure to select the right applicant. Molly always was the kind of a sister to get a fellow into a mess."

"Aw, never mind, it's you decision that counts, let's proceed. I read the ad and went down to the Tribune office early to await developments. I waited and when your man called for mail F. 23 I followed

him. Personal interview is always desirable.

'If you like-a me and I like-a you,

And we both like about the same,' she hummed, now the question before the house is, are you respectable? I'm in for a good decent time. Dad's away for three months and he said I could do anything respectable, if I'd keep out of debt and not marry.

"Could you make it a hundred a month? the salary, I mean. Dad said I never could earn that much. And a three months' engagement? Would you for the sake of respectability call for me and take me home each day?"

The man was silent, so she continued, "Am I the rejuvenator?"

"You interest me," declared the Gloom-man, "and I'm respectable, I hope. Yes, I'll meet your terms. Now, I suppose you ought to know what ails me. Well, I was engaged to the sweetest girl on earth, so I thought; she eloped with her chauffeur. I'm broken, nothing interests me, you'll hate me, for it's weak, I know."

"No," she answered softly, "I like you because you care, but don't get cold feet. I couldn't marry you if I would. Let's go to the ball game, I want to see the Oaks win. If we don't count the coin, we can have a jolly time. I'm going home, call for me soon."

He followed her to the library where she turned and said, "I'm sorry about my slang, if you care. Dad says no one would ever guess the money he's spent on my college polish. Say, when I have on my evening gown you can't guess what a polished lady I become. I'm going to call you Cousin Gloom. 'He's a cousin of mine,'" she sang.

The Gloom-man caught her hand and said, "Say, but you are good for the dumps."

She quickly withdrew her hand and said, "None of the clasp stuff, just a good time. Give me twenty minutes, then hump."

The ball game was over, Bub had proved a good fan and as they entered the automobile she took the wheel.

"Bub," exclaimed the Gloom-man, almost with enthusiasm, "let's don our evening clothes and dine at the 'Poodle Dog'!"

She seemed embarrassed a moment, then said, "Oh, rats, its a cinch. We'll go."

They were waiting for the ordered dinner to be served, the glittering lights, the bewitching music and the buzzing voices enveloped them. Bub was demure, transformed; the Gloom-man could not account for the change.

"Bub," he said, "do you believe in dual personality? I believe between the two of you I will rejuvenate." And the man almost smiled.

"No," she replied, "not dual, just different." Then with a bewitching little laugh she rippled, "I am sure it sounds queer, but I even think differently in my evening gown."

Two months have passed. He was again himself. They were returning from the golf links and Bub was at the wheel, breaking the speed law.

"Stop, Bub, let's enjoy the sunset," he rather demanded.

"Ah, chuck it, I'm afraid its the clasp stuff," she said, "but here goes. I'm leased, you know."

She stopped the car under a large spreading oak. He took out a large basket and she saw it, she said "Bully for you, Cousin Gloom."

They had a merry feast and lingered on the slope "to see the sunset," Bub said.

As they started off again, the Gloom-man drew a slip of paper from his pocket and said, "Here's your check for three hundred dollars; it's only two months, but you've earned it royally and now I want to release you and begin again but on a different footing."

Bub looked perplexed and uncomfortable. "I know you mean well, but I can't take it all, I haven't earned it, its the sum I named and it makes me feel like a lemon."

"You keep it, Bub, your services were invaluable. You have coaxed me back to normal and I have better poise than I ever had before. If my love could lease you for life I should be happy. Why couldn't you marry me if you would?"

"Father would object," she replied reluctantly.

"But if father would give his consent?" he persisted.

"Cousin Gloom, which of my two do you like best, evening gown or this?" pointing to her golf costume.

"Well, to tell the truth, I think I should choose the lassie of the evening gown, but I'm not certain. Why?"

"Say, Cousin Gloom, it's getting late so we'll spin towards home and on the way I'll tell you why I couldn't if I would."

They reached the Park and Bub brought the car to a stop under a large electric light and jerked off her cap. "This is why." She removed a wig and laughed. "Don't take it too hard, old man."

"A boy!" the Gloom-man choked.

Bub replaced wig and cap and said, "Buck up old chap."

The car now stopped at Bub's home and Bub, turning to Cousin Gloom, said: "Come on in, we'll settle the matter. You must forgive me, but I did it for a joke. I didn't think you'd get to care that way."

The man objected but Bub pulled him inside, pushed him into the parlor and switched on the lights. There sat Bub in an evening gown. He looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Twins," chuckled the golf clothes Bub. "Tell it to her, she could if she would, and she's spoons on yon, she said so."

And then they were alone.

Blanche Juett. '15.



The Junior Hay Ride

"Twas a lovely autumn evening,
And the stars were clear and bright,
When a loud and awful clatter
Sounded through the peaceful night.

To their windows rushed the people
At this terrifying noise,
And they saw a gravel wagon
Piled up high with girls and boys.

"Twas the famous "Junior Hay Ride"
Setting forth upon its way,
But 'twas in a gravel wagon,
And there was no sign of hay.

Oh, the shrieks that rent the night air!
Oh, the agonizing groans!
When a jolt caused by a chink-hole
Proved too hard for some one's bones.

So their painful way they wended,
Going westward from the school,
Drawn by two poor beasts of burden—
One a horse and one a mule.

Then they turned into the creek road,
Following the creek along;
Till at last they reached a farmhouse,
Then uprose the weary throng.

Stretched their cramped and weary muscles,
Grabbed their hats, and pins, and hair,
Then advanced upon the farmhouse
For there was a hay-rack there.

Should they take it? Would they dare to?
Should they have a real hay ride?
And—remembering bumps and bruises—
As with one voice, "Sure!" they cried.

But 'twas quite too full of hay, so
Ev'ry boy stripped off his coat,
But the Juniors sat by idly,
While the Seniors played the goat.

For the Juniors lazy creatures.
Always did their duty shirk.
Seniors were their guests of honor,
Juniors sat and watched them work.

When the hay-rack was unloaded,
And the Seniors quite worn out,
Ev'ryone piled in the wagon,
Juniors first, you need not doubt.

Sandwiches and cakes and apples,
All were piled up in a heap,
And the way that they were set on
Was a sight to make one weep.

And they left the gravel wagon
Standing there beside the road,
Then urged on the weary creatures
To draw forth their heavy load.

Merrily they clattered onward
Song and laughter filled the air,
And the chaperones were busy,
Chiding many a 'spooning pair.

'Course the Seniors were not guilty,
They would not do such a thing.
Juniors were the worst offenders,
Bet this makes their conscience sting.

After all the lunch was eaten
They decided to return,
Freshies who were getting sleepy,
For their little beds did yearn.

Fainter grew the songs and laughter,
Just a few sang merrily,
Many eyes were growing heavy,
Many heads drooped wearily.

Ev'rything was still and peaceful,
They were on their homeward way,
When was heard the forceful comment,
"Gosh! But here's the dence to pay!"

Instantly the steeds were halted,
Instantly the sleepers woke,
Some in wonder, some amusement,
But they found it was no joke.

Quickly all climbed from the wagon,
For it lurched unsteadily,
And examined it on all sides,
What the trouble was to see.

Soon they found it, 'twas a hind wheel,
And the tire lay on the ground.
Then arose a dismal groaning,
When the news was passed around.

For it piered their sleep-fogged senses,
There was nothing but to walk,
They might just as well be starting,
'Twas no use to stand and talk.

So with many groans and protests
They set forth upon their way,
Some there were who would be merry
But the most were far from gay.

Two and two, in threes, and singly,
Wearily they plodded on,
Rarer, fainter, grew the laughter,
All their spirits gay were gone.

Well, of course they got home sometime,
'Twas not over half a mile.
At the time they swore 'twas twenty,
Now they tell it with a smile.

Had one come along next morning,
'Fore the wreck was cleared away,
He'd have seen the poor old hay-rack,
And the road all strewn with hay.

Hats and handkerchiefs and apples,
Marked their progress into town.
Apples, 'specially nice green ones,
Were strung all along the ground.

When it comes to entertaining
Juniors really can't be beat.
You must travel far and wide e'er
You will with their equals meet.

Yet we'd offer a suggestion,
One or two'd not be amiss,
Juniors surely won't be angry;
Our suggestion's simply this:

'Tis not really quite the thing to
 Make your guests of honor work,
So we would advise the Juniors
 Duty never more to shirk.

Also when you give a hay-ride
 You must have a lot of hay,
Never use a gravel wagon,
 In a hay-rack is the way.

Some who were a bit partic'lar,
 Didn't get enough to eat;
Sandwiches are not improved by
 Lying under someone's feet.

Still considering the bright side,
 Ev'ryone had a great time.
May it be recalled by all those
 Who should chance to read this rhyme.

Frances Brown '15



Experience of a Freshman

Lawrence, Cal.
August 22, 1914.

Dearest Mae:

Well at last I have my heart's desire, I am going to a public school. On August 10 I became a Freshman in the Lawrence High School. It's just the grandest place in the world. But let me tell you what they did to me.

Hazing may be forbidden in this school but the Sophomores don't know that it is. They take a delight in hazing me because I am one of the freshest, greenest, humans that ever entered the portals of a high school. Of course, coming straight from the select Miss Shinn's, I thought that I knew it all, but when these same ignorant Sophomores were through I was convinced that I didn't know a thing. The second day that I was here they seemed to become aware of my presence and the third day they were ready to bid me welcome. That morning Dad brought me to school and I was in the pink of perfection when I entered the door. There I was met by five girls who escorted me to the dressing room where about twenty more were assembled. I didn't know that they were all Sophomores. I thought that they were unusually sociable, but alas all my illusions soon vanished. They told me that all Freshmen must go through certain ordeals before they became full-fledged students. They read me a lot of rules, of which they gave me a copy, and then performed the ordeal. They took down my hair which I had arranged with such loving care that morning and braided it into six tight pig tails, each of which they tied with a different colored ribbon. I was a sight! The girls howled with laughter. Just then the bell rang and they left me alone in misery. At first I was angry and was on the point of going to the principal, but just then I happened to get a

glimpse of myself in the mirror. I had to hold my sides and roar.

My common sense told me that the Sophs thought that I would rather miss class than be laughed at. I stood still a minute and asked myself, "Are you game?" (That's high school slang). I replied to my question, "I am."

All Freshmen are warned and cautioned against being late for class but this particular morning I wasn't afraid. I would wait until the class was deep in the lesson and then I would appear. What a sensation I would create! And let me announce that it was some sensation! The class went wild and the teacher couldn't control them. She wrote a little note and sent me to the office with it. You might think that I was afraid to go to the office but strange to relate I was not. The principal thought that I was the one who was playing the joke and I allowed him to think so. He gave me a pretty stiff lecture but I didn't mind it because I happened to spy a twinkle way back in the corner of his eye. Then he sent me down to rearrange my hair. There are several Sophs in the history class and two of them are girls. When I reappeared they glanced at me anxiously, but I smiled sweetly and took my seat. Of course they expected that I had told and that it would soon be their turn to go to the office. But when the day passed and nothing happened, they seemed relieved.

The next morning the whole twenty met me at the door and I wondered what would happen. Each girl stepped forward and shook hands with me. I was feeling puffed up and was about to pat myself on the back when I overheard one girl say, "Cordy acted more like a Sophomore than a measly little scrub." This made me feel pretty small and I resolved to be the meekest Freshman of the flock. But I could

never live up to a resolution and besides you know "Freshmen are Freshmen" just as "pigs is pigs." Consequently I get my nose pulled quite often.

I've signed for "gym" work and basketball. I also belong to the tennis club. Next spring the girls are going to have a baseball team. I think I'll try out for pitcher. Spring is a long way off and I may be able to throw a ball straight before that time. But I'm afraid I'll throw it too straight and hit the batter.

I'm taking History, English, Algebra, German and Physical Geography. It's all lots of fun and awfully interesting. Lessons aren't very hard and I find that with a little extra work I'll get a passing mark.

Well, I will have to stop now and do

that little extra work. Good-bye, lots of love from,

Your Freshie Friend,
Cordy Johnson.

P. S. Every Freshman thinks that his class is the greatest institution on earth. But I found that the rest of the school doesn't think so and that the Sophomores think that their sole duty in life is to correct and manage the morals and manners of those low beings, sometimes called "Freshmen," but more frequently "Scrubs." Oh I tell you it's great to be a Scrub in Lawrence but Mae I'm longing for the time when I shall be a Sophomore.

C. J.

Ella Wurz, '15



Juniors '16

When you speak of work or of speed,
There's nothing that we lack or need.
Now let me explain one by one
Who we are and what we have done.

Ruth her cooking does first rate,
Some man'll find her a good mate.
He'll have to eat lunch with a smile
And often have to wait a while.

Henry oft explosions has
Trying to manufacture gas.
He takes away the heat too late
And just escapes a mournful fate.

Chick in Latin has gained renown.
He oft has "hie" and "hoe" turned 'round
But in his class he stands ahead
Or next to it his teacher said.

Raymond does always want the facts
The Prof. explains them out in acts.
If Raymond should more points desire
He might arouse the Prof's just ire.

Now what can I of Andrew say
Who sits adreaming all the day.
Of what he thinks, I'm in the dark
His thoughts are on the sea embarked.

Henry has much to learn as yet
He is the cooking class' pet.
He sits there shyly looking on
While all the girls around him throng.

Vernon is perfect in one art
For he has won a Freshman's heart
There's nothing more left to explain
You've all been there—he's not to blame.

Emma's a lonely girl this year
She misses a graduate I fear.
She sits and dreams for hours at a time.
And to disturb her would be a crime.

There's nothing of myself to tell
I'm sure you know me very well.
'Twould not be ladylike you know
To talk and of myself to blow.

P. M. B., '16.

The West for the East

A boy about eighteen years of age, sat in the drawing room of an old southern Alabama mansion. Suddenly he rose restlessly to his full height. Into his eyes crept a look of wistful longing, as he lifted his violin and passed his fingers caressingly over it. As he gently drew the bow across the strings, soft, sad strains of exquisite music floated through the large French windows and drifted away among the stately old trees and beautiful shrubbery. All unconscious of time, he played softly on, pausing now and then to gaze unseeing before him.

A soft step was heard in the hall and a tall woman entered the room. She was evidently his mother, for there was a striking resemblance between the two.

"Ralph," she said in a voice, refined and low, "Do stop that sad music! What is ailing you?"

"You know mother," he answered somewhat irritably.

"But, my son, do you want to really go to that horrid wild West?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ralph, I thought I could have you stay here and grow up a gentleman!"

"Yes, mother, but can't there be gentlemen in the West as well as in the East?"

"I don't know about that," she answered doubtfully.

"Father always says that the outward appearance doesn't make the gentleman, but that which is in his heart."

Mrs. Brown looked at the boy thoughtfully, then said, "Do you really want to go?"

"I sure do," he replied eagerly.

"Well then, you will have to settle it with father."

The boy kissed his mother and hurried away in search of his father. Father and son had a long talk together, which ended in Ralph having his own way.

Exactly a week later Ralph hurried through the hall on his way to the carriage, which was waiting. At the door he was stopped by a slender girl with eyes and hair considerably lighter than his own. She clung to him with her arms about his neck.

"I wish I were going with you," she whispered.

"So do I, Sis," he answered, "but you can't. Who'd stay and comfort mother? Besides the West's no place for girls like you. Good-bye Dot."

He kissed her and was gone. The brown eyes brimmed with tears as they saw the horses trot briskly down the avenue. A few minutes later he was being rapidly whirled away. Away from home! Into the world!

Out of the face of his father, stern with suppressed feeling, shone his gentle eyes. Again he felt the grip that made his fingers ache and heard that familiar voice, he so loved, "My son, my son, Good-bye!" "Dear Father," he murmured and then turned to divert himself with the objects whirling by.

At first the country through which he passed was well known to him. Gradually it all grew strange. In Colorado the railway stopped abruptly at a small station called Redding. Ralph looked about him when he stepped from the train and saw only a few shanties, strangely, lonely-looking out there in the wide plains covered with sage brush. While he stood there a "sawed off" man in a great felt hat and "chaps" came up to him. The twitching of his sandy mustache plainly indicated the presence of a quid of tobacco comfortably stowed in his cheek. Yellow hair and big bushy eye-brows were given force by the blue eyes which gleamed wickedly. Such a face few people liked. He stared

at Ralph for a moment and then spoke in a deep voice.

"Air you the young feller that is due for the Star Ranch?"

"Yes," replied Ralph, "I am."

"Wal," continued the cowboy, "I'm Sandy Benard, my right name be John, but you see everybody calls me Sandy. I guess we'll be goin'?"

He led the way to a pair of bronchos standing in the shade of one of the shanties. Ralph followed silently, inwardly amused at his companion. They mounted and rode away through the trackless plain. The Easterner was by no means asleep. They were surrounded on every side barren plains, only broken here and there by a clump of sage brush, which occasionally held a frightened rabbit or a hopping horntoad. The dim purple mountains in the distance formed a fringe for the vast plains. The men rode in silence which was almost unbroken. Sandy stole sly glances at his companion. He saw a youth with honest eyes, clear brow and determinedly set chin, a face wholly unafraid.

That night they camped at a water-hole. After cooking and eating their suppers, they rolled up in their blankets and slept soundly beneath the stars.

It was Sunday morning when they arrived at the Star Ranch. The ranch was in the low foot-hills. The rambling ranch house was approached from the front. It was made of adobe with some clay. All of the buildings around the place were as neat as the house itself. As the horsemen rode to the door the owner of the ranch, a middle aged man, came out. He approached Ralph in a brisk, authoritative manner and received him graciously. After the Boss, as he was called by all the cowboys, had arranged all matters of importance with Ralph, Sandy escorted him to the bunk house where the cowboys' quarters were.

At first the men treated him distantly. This did not matter much to Ralph for he had his work to do and he did it faithfully. It was not long until they saw that he was honest and wanted to work. When he first came to the ranch the men had teased him incessantly about his white

hands,—"Lady fingers," they called them. This was rather embarrassing, but he soon succeeded in getting them as brown and rough as the others.

About a week after he came, an old Indian rode up to the ranch on a beautiful black horse. Ralph and Sandy were sitting in the shade fixing their saddles. Ralph was silently admiring the animal when Sandy volunteered "That thar Indian is a old risident of the country and nin't never been taken to a risarvation. What cher thinkin' about?"

Ralph only started slightly and grinned.

"Perty fine nag he's ridin', ain't it?" With these words Sandy's eyes narrowed to mere slits in his rough, sunburned face and searched Ralph's face like cold points of blue steel. He found no clue for suspicion and shifted his gaze again to the horse, where it rested longingly. He suddenly spied a fly near the toe of his boot, and spat his vengeance at it.

The old chief had seen Ralph and had trusted him instantly. Ralph went about his work again, but he had not forgotten the horse. He decided to have it.

The new cowboy was being watched all the time although he did not realize it. The boss was thinking about retiring and was in need of a reliable foreman. He was attracted to Ralph and questioned the men regarding him.

When Ralph Brown had been at the Star Ranch for a few months, a letter was handed to him by one of the men. He looked at it curiously, it was not from home for it bore no postmark. On tearing it open he found a slip of paper on which was written in a cramped hand:

"mr r brown

"der ser.

"red feather is goin to dar happy
hunitin groun and want you to hav
black hawk. give him a home

"red feather."

Ralph gazed at the letter in bewilderment. Black Hawk! For him! Meditating a moment he turned and went in search of the Boss. After reading the letter, the Boss looked at the young man.

"Will you take him?" he asked simply. Ralph nodded. The older man laid a

hand on his shoulder and said, "Red Feather was fond of you from the first time he ever laid eyes on you. Now go and get your horse."

The young man mounted his pinto and rode away to Red Feather's hut. On knocking at the door, he received a faint, "Come." Entering, he found himself in a dark room. Its furniture consisted of a chair, a stove and a bed, on which the old man lay. Ralph went quickly to the bed side and held the offered hand in silence. Finally Red Feather spoke. It was in a low voice, "Red Feather—is—goin—to—the—Happy—Hunting—Grounds. Take—Black—Hawk.—Take good—care—of him—always."

Ralph promised he would and the old man closed his eyes with a sigh. Red Feather was now with the Great Spirit.

In the stable Ralph found the black horse. For a while he gazed at him fondly, then mounted and rode sadly away.

A week later the Boss summoned him to the office. An hour or more passed before he again reappeared. He was now foreman of the Star Ranch. The other cowboys, with the exception of Sandy, heard the news joyfully. They had learned to love him. Sandy eyed him from a distance with envy. He was exceedingly jealous of Ralph.

One day Sandy was wandering about the buildings in a very black mood. He passed the open door of Ralph's office in his wandering and glancing in he found it vacant. A sudden impulse to do Ralph harm seized him. He quickly had a pen in his fingers and Ralph's account book open. In a minute he had changed several numbers and taken some bills from the table and was gone just as the foreman was about to enter an opposite door.

Ralph discovered the fix up in his numbers and worked for hours to straighten it out but was unsuccessful. When the Boss heard of it, he investigated it but without result. Accordingly Ralph was discharged.

The young man felt his disgrace very keenly. After selling Black Hawk, much against his will he left the country. The boys could not believe him guilty. His

friend Jack, was sure that he was not.

One bright June morning, when all out doors was alive and glad, a dark figure was seen against the distant horizon by the cowboys of the Star Ranch. As it drew nearer and became more distinct, they began speculating as to the identity of the rider.

"That's that kid, Brown on Black Hawk!" ejaculated Jack.

Surely it could not be he! Yes he was coming directly toward them. The cowboys raised a joyful yell which was answered by a well-known shout.

Black Hawk, as if knowing that this was home, bore his rider up to the group with a dash. There followed a great deal of hand-shaking and joyful exclamations.

"Where have you been?" asked Jack, slapping Ralph affectionately upon the shoulder.

The rest were like a bunch of eager school-boys.

"Tell the whole story," someone cried.

"There's not much to tell," began Ralph.

"Only when I left this ranch I was disgusted with the West and decided to go home. I got as far as Kansas City when my funds ran low so I had to stop. I hunted work for a week before I finally landed a job as reporter for a small paper. By the time I had earned enough for a ticket home I had no desire to go. Instead I had an intense yearning for the West and the free open life of the plains," he paused and ran his hand caressingly over the glossy mane of Black Hawk. The horse rubbed his nose against Ralph's shoulder, "and for you, too, Black Hawk," he continued, "I arrived in Wyoming a few weeks ago. I wasn't brave enough to face you just then. I didn't like the country so well and besides work was scarce. Finally I found myself in these mountains. I just felt sure that you fellows didn't believe me crooked in spite of the dope the Boss had on me."

"And we didn't," the boys replied, all speaking at once. "You aren't of that sneaking kind."

"Thankee, for the compliment, boys," grinned Ralph.

"But what became of that man, Mitchell,

who bought this there nag off you?" asked one man a moment later.

"Search me," said Ralph.

"I seen Sandy ridin' that thar hoss over in Reddin' last week,—sure thing—."

"Oh! Go on! You were seein' soldiers by the half dozen too," put in Jack.

"Not on your life, I warn't indulgin'."

"Fellows," interrupted Ralph, "I'm here today with sad news for yon. I wouldn't have been here otherwise.—Sandy's dead—stone dead."

"Whatcher mean?" All eyes were turned on the speaker in bewilderment.

Ralph drew a pack of papers from his pocket and selected a dirty piece of an old envelope from the others.

"Read that," he said, "It's my pass port into respectable society and back to my honor."

Just then the Boss came out of the corral carrying a coil of rope in his hand. Jack read,

"I took those bills,—Sandy."

For a moment the truth seemed to percolate slowly, then a lusty shout set the buildings ringing. Glad hands seemed to extend out of space. Ralph saw them through tear dimmed eyes, thinking, these are friends indeed.

After these expressions of gladness and trust were completed, Ralph spoke in his most solemn tones. All heads were bowed the moment the rolling tones broke upon their ears.

"Fellows," he said, "I left his body under a tree at Willow Watering, about four hours ride to the north east on the Redding Trail. We must get him away before night or the coyotes will."

"What's eatin' you fellows?" the voice of the Boss was cool. No one spoke. Ralph's eyes met those of his former employer almost haughtily.

"Well Brown, What brings you back?"

"He's innocent." Jack put in before

Ralph could answer, "and here's the proof."

The Boss read the paper, extending his free hand, gripped Ralph's and said, "Forgive me! I have never believed it of you in spite of the evidence! There was no other way. I had to discharge you."

"Sandy's lying dead away out there, Boss. I came upon him when I was on my way to Mitchell's with this horse. He was within a few yards of Willow Watering. His eyes were bloodshot and his hands bleeding, his knees stuck through his trousers swollen and bruised."

"What was the matter? What happened to him?"

"Rattler."

"He raved for hours and about midnight sat up straight and wild-eyed gazed at me."

"Are you Brown?" he demanded at last.

"Yes."

"Wal, I reckon as now I've told you, I suppose you're glad to see me dying."

"He wouldn't lie down, Boss, but gazed at the stars a few minnites. Suddenly he fumbled about his clothing. He could not articulate; his hands fell helplessly to his side and he sank back against the saddle. His lips were moving. Piece paper—pencil, were all I heard. He seemed to sleep. I got there but could not arouse him."

"At sunrise he turned his head and reached for the paper, trying to write. I guided his hand as he mumbled. "I took —those—bills,—Sandy. He was trying to thank me out of that bruised and broken body of his. Poor unfortunate fellow! Now let's bring him home."

That night at sunset Ralph drove the buckboard into the circle of buildings. The body of Sandy lay on a heap of straw in the bottom. Ralph guided the horses into the yard thinking of his first coming to the West. Now he could go home and face his father. He had proven his honesty.

M. S. '18.

The Seniour Classee

(With due apologies to the shade of Chaucer.)

Whan that we ar(e) about(e) to graduate
It is right fitt(e) to tell(e) of Seniours aighte.
So ye shal know(e) of what condicoun
And of what wourth they ar(e), hem everiehon.
And of them al ther ar(e) bold youthes four
Whom, we al hop(e) this rhim(e) will nat mak(e) sore,
For we do mean(e) hem al to bawle onte,
And we beseech yow al no word(e) to doubt.
Four(e) girls ther ar(e), and wourthy mayd(e)s they are
And we intend(e) ther faim(e) to sprede fare.

SLATSE

With(e) us ther is a youth(e) yeleped Slatse
Who, when address(e)d by us, doth say(e), "Oh ratse,"
Or "oh shut up!" or "oh go on!" and swiehe,
So, as yow see, in curteisy nat riche,
This youth(e), who is ful selendre, len(e) and lank(e),
Is in this school(e) an artist(e) of great(e) ranke.
For it is his pleasour to draw(e) eartoones
Of whisker(e)d gentilmen and uglic coones,
And dogg(e)s and fowl(e)s. And e'en the Prof besides
Is caricatur(e)d, yet ne'er this rash(e) youth(e) chides.
A pompadour he hath, this gentil boye
The which(e) he doth regard with pryd(e) and joye;
With anxious eayr(e) he hath his lokkes trained
And e'en to plaster them with soap(e) hath deigned,
And now strait from his nobel brow they ryse
And he appears ful scolarlike and wyse.

BLANCHE AND FRITZ

Of maydens two I will(e) yow next devyse
Theyr dispositionns and ek(e) ther guise.
The mayd(e) called Blanch(e) she is full short and plumpe
Yet she nathles is always on the jumpe.
Ful ruddie is hir fac(e) e'en lyk(e) a rose,
And smal hir mouth(e) and tiptilted hir nose.
The other mayden is right(e) len(e) and talle,
And when she is arrayd for basket balle
Lyk(e) matches sem(e) hir legg(e)s and ek(e) hir arnes.
She is nat vayn(e), yet anxious stryv(e)s for charmes,
To erull(e) hir lokk(e)s an iron she doth use,
And long befor the mirrour she doth muse.

Hir nos(e), which is ful larg, a nobl(e) beake,
She doth bideck with pondr(e), also eeh cheake.
Thes(e) maydens, in ther Seniour dignetye,
Ful wourthy ar(e), yet aft ar(e) right sillye,
For laugh(e) they do, e'en lyk(e) a Freshman greene,
Yet ne'er lyk(e) under classmen do they queene.

JOE

We hav(e) a traytor in our(e) class(e) nam(e)d Jo(e).
He lyk(e)d a Freshman girl nat long ago.
Altho a charming mayden, and ful sprye,
Stil this does nat explain the reason whye
A Freshman green(e) to notic(e) he shold deigne.
And he shold know that this doth cans(e) us Payne.
But stil, he is a youth(e) of courteisye
And he doth lov(e) to aid(e) a fayr(e) ladye.
And he doth serv(e) eeh on(e) right gallantly
Wheth(e)r fatt(e) or slim, or tall(e) or short be she.
In basket ball(e) he hath amazing skille
And he eann(e) throw a goel(e) when e'er he wille.

ALVIN AND WALTER

Thes(e) two Seniours ther teachers do harasse
For it is aft ther wish(e) to ent a classe.
Yet who shold hav(e) a perfect right to ent
And 'scap(e) unpleasannt thinges, but
A Seniour, who doth hav(e) all privileges?
And what reek they that ev(e)ry teacher rages?
The first nam(e)d youth(e) a right shy ladd(e) is he
And it doth vex him, Oh! so dredfully!
When som(e) bold mayd(e) to flirt with him doth trye,
Then he doth blush, and shyly droop his eye.
The other youth(e) is qnyt(e) the contrarye
And sur(e)ly doth behav(e) disgrac(e)fullye.
For flirt he doth with ev(e)ry mayden fayre
He haps to met(e), nor littl(e) doth he eayre
What gnis(e) she hav(e), or what positione
For he doth flirt with al, hem everichon,
From lofty Seniour down(e) to Freshman greene
With eeh and al of hem he lov(e) to queene.

ELLA

This mayden one(e) did think this school(e) to leaven,
Yet cond nat bear(e) to leav(e) the Seniours seven;
So she retrn(e)d and now we ar(e) just eighte.
She oft, alas! too oft! doth com(e) in laite
And even when she doth arryv(e) at nyne,
She must hir bayre fixe, or the shyne
Remov(e) from off hir nos(e) with pondre white
So she may nat appear a perfect frighe.
This mayden is of speach oft right sarcastic,
And on(e) must be of tempre right elastic

Els(e) he wold be quit(e) crush(e)d by hir sharp speaches,
Ech word(e) of whiche to its marke reaches.
To suitors she is sarcastic and cru(e)le
Or, what is wors, indifferent and coole.

NEVA

Our(e) Neva is a coy, retiring mayde
And e'er wold keep hirself quyt(e) in the shade.
Swich(e) modesty(e) is right pleasing to finde,
And in Seniours quyt(e) rare is its kinde.
Hir cheak(e)s and lipp(e)s are redd(e) as any rose,
A payr(e) of spectacles adorn hir nose
And lend to hir a look of dignitye.
Yet quyt(e) undignified right aft is she,
For on a day so madlie did she dancee
(And quyt(e) unlik(e) a Seniour she did prancee)
Hir spectaels from off hir nos(e) did drop,
And break in two, then only did she stop.
She is right short, yet doth long to be talle
And it to her is lyk(e) wormwood and galle.
That e'en the Freshmen surpass her in height,
But still she is of tempre swet(e) and brighte.

F. B. '15.



Louie Will Find a Way

Gloom had laid his heavy hand upon the three boys who sat in Room 21, in Tait's Hall, of The Hamilton Military Academy. They were Jack Danlton, Senior, captain and center of the basket ball team, Ray Woodruff, Senior, and forward on the basket ball team, and Willie Dustin, plain Freshman.

"Talk about your luck," growled Jack, "Here are Ray and I waiting to be put in the guard-house and the championship game with Hilton coming off a week from Saturday night. Besides I suppose Betty and Carol are about crazy because they haven't heard from us since last Saturday. It's all your fault Dusty. If you had held on to those letters we would be in the gym now instead of waiting to be escorted to the guard-house."

"You fellows make me tired!" snorted Willie. As long as Nancy and I delivered your messages safely at the risk of our own necks it was all right. But because I let one slip you are ready to call me seven kinds of a fool and then some, and here I am risking my life for you again. If I'm caught here it will be the guard-house for little Willie. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Wednesday, after the team passes the guard-house you fellows drop a couple of notes out of the window and yours truly will deliver them. Hall will be in his study and there will be no chance of being caught. I'll—" but just then footsteps were heard approaching the door so Willie beat a hasty retreat down the fire escape.

Cadets Danlton and Woodruff were to be confined in the guard-house Tuesday at 9 p. m., to await a general court-martial. Their offense was the most serious in the history of the school. They had been corresponding with two girls of the Garwood Seminary and two of the letters fell into the hands of the head master of Hamilton, Waldon Hall.

Madame Eliza Brandon, Dean at Garwood, was Mr. Hall's bitterest enemy and he refused to allow his boys to have anything to do with her girls. She upheld the same rule in her school. Several years before they had been engaged but had quarreled over some trivial matter and had not spoken since.

Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock the basket ball team passed the guard-house on the way to the gym. Ten minutes later footsteps were heard on the walk and two notes dropped at the feet of Mr. Hall, who had just rounded the corner of the guard-house. He picked them up, glanced at the inscription, frowned and put them in his pocket. After a minute of deliberation he proceeded on his way. Five minutes later Dusty came running down the path.

"Fellows", he called softly as he reached the window. No answer. He called again. Two heads appeared at the window.

"What's wanted?" asked Ray.

"Where are the letters?" asked Willie.

"The letters? Didn't you get them? We dropped them out about five minutes ago when you passed."

"I just got here. Wheelan kept me for algebra. Who is on guard today?"

"Toots Reynolds. He'd help us out of trouble so go and ask him if he knows anything about the letters."

In a few minutes Willie was back with a look of despair upon his countenance.

"He says that Hall came down with some orders a little while ago and went back this way."

"Great Scott! Isn't that just our luck?" exclaimed Jack. "Now we'll get it for sure. No chance of playing a week from Saturday night now. You're the best messenger I ever saw, Dusty. You couldn't buy a postage stamp without losing it before it crossed the counter. You make

me tired. Don't ever suggest anything to me again."

"Aw shut up! You fellows must think I'm your goat. I hope Hall gives you the limit," and with that the cruel Willie made for the gym.

Monday at two o'clock the court convened. Just as the case was called a note was handed to Mr. Hall. This is what he read:

"Dear Waldon:

Last night as I was making my usual round of visits I found one of my students, Elizabeth Wall, crying as if her heart would break. On inquiring into the cause I learned that she was crying because she had not heard from Jack Daulton of your school, since a week ago last Saturday. Instead of being angry I was sorry and my heart went out to her. I thought at once of you and of our quarrel of several years ago. Waldon, I am sorry for I know now that I was wrong. I ask your forgiveness.

I also ask that you let your boys join with my girls in giving their commencement dance.

Affectionately yours,
Eliza."

Mr. Hall looked up and smiled as he noted the gloomy faces of the cadets in front of him.

"I withdraw my charges against Cadets Daulton and Woodruff and reinstate them in their former position. Also I wish to state that you will be joined by the girls of Garwood Seminary at your commencement.", he said.

Bedlam broke loose. The yelling, cheering mob of boys with Daulton and Woodruff on their shoulders made their way outside and marched around and around the building.

"Look, look," whispered Betty to Jack as they strolled slowly up and down in the moonlight on commencement night, "I believe Mr. Hall is proposing to Madame Brandon under Lover's Oak."

Ella Wurz, '15.



Our Freshie Girls and Boys

OUR FRESHIE GIRLS

Aentie bunch of Freshmen we,
When first we entered Liberty;
Coy Esther, with her laughing eyes,
Has many a handsome boy capsized.
And Kate considers it no sin
To wear a handsome Junior's pin.
Our Mabel is so meek and dear,
Doth ever blush when a boy is near.
There's Muriel who's not so very quiet
And we all know she's on no diet.
Most everyone knows how "Dinks" is in History
But her love affairs are still a mystery.
Bright Georgia is our B. B. star
And in her playing is no mar.
Virgin' in German's not very smart
I'm afraid her thoughts are all of "Mart—."
While Ruth is sure a trump in drawing
She thinks that English "comps." are boring.

OUR FRESHIE BOYS

We have a happy set of Freshie boys,
They're dear old Liberty's pride and joys.
Ransom's our German and Algebra shark
He never fails to get a high mark.
Homer thinks that all History's a bore
And usually makes a detested "4."
Young Carl sure is our handsome boy
And when dolled up looks truly coy.
Horatius his place in English loses
But nevertheless the whole school amuses.
Roswell is certainly no teacher's pet
They all think, "There's rooms to let."
Stanley doesn't care to see his sister rag,
He's sure to stop her and start to nag.
Jack is the boy with the curly hair
He'd ent "English" every day if he dare.
Mya to school on a blue motor rides
And most of the time in the basement hides.
Forrest is a quiet and bashful lad
And in school could never be bad.
And the girls all think that Ned
Should be spanked and sent to bed.

Minerva Weihe, '18.

The Domestic Science Class

Oh Heaven! Oh Heaven! Oh help us!
Oh Lordy! What shall we do
When we find that Hungarian Goulash
Is only a plain Irish Stew!

“What’s in a name!” says Shakespeare.
“What’s in a doughnut!” cries Zeb,
“Naught but a hole in the center
With the dough as heavy as lead.”

Zeb knows all about doughnuts,
For out of the window hers flew,
O'er the back fence of the alley,
When she thought that nobody knew.

Ruth Weihe, a golden-haired angel,
Who never does anything wrong,
Hid her white sauce in the locker,
To wait until Teacher had gone.

Then into the sink she poured it
And when it had disappeared,
She sighed a sigh of contentment
And bid farewell to her fears.

The best of the class is Emma,
She knows how to cook real well.
Her favorite dish is “Lemons”,
Served how? she will not tell.

Fern knows how to cook biscuits,
As light as the clouds above,
She never gets into mischief
And claims she knows nothing of love.

Frances, the dear little lassie,
With all of her winning ways
Fed some of the boys her cookies,
The doctor was busy for days.

Next comes our good cook, Polly,
Who makes the French Fried Spuds,
And when she’s washing dish-towels
She’s bound to have plenty of suds.

When Bertha, the girl of the mountain,
Broke open an egg one day,
A chick jumped out to surprise her
And she let it fly away.

Now comes our dark eyed Sayde,
Her pastry we all adore.
The shape of some of her cream puffs
Would make an elephant roar.

Then last of all comes Henry,
Whose ginger-bread was swell.
A Carnegie Medal he merits
For making it so well.

Now the one who composed this poem
Has as many faults as the rest,
And among all the cooks in the dough-house
It's hard to pick out the best.

Ruth Lent, '18.



COOKING CLASS—DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Last Will and Testament

of the Class of 1915

We, the illustrious members of the Senior Class of the Liberty Union High School of the City of Brentwood, County of Contra Costa, State of California, being sound in mind, though worn in body because of the trials of our past four years, and not entirely influenced by the Faculty, do hereby meet on this Twenty-eighth day of May, 1915, to make, publish and declare this our last will and testament with all the sadness which the occasion demands. We will and bequeath in the manner following:

First. To the Junior Class we will and bequeath our Senior dignity, our unbounded talent, to be used in compiling the 1916 Annual, and our enviable positions as bosses of the school.

Second. To the Sophomore Class we will and bequeath our ability to escape hard work.

Third. To the Freshman Class we will and bequeath our unsurpassable egotism.

Fourth. The Senior girls leave their copies of Emerson's essays to the janitor with the stipulation that he use them in making the fire in the sewing room, and leave no trace of them behind to worry future generations.

Fifth. I, Ella Wurz, do will and bequeath my long used and much abused whip to Mr. Martin to be used on the Junior Class to enable them to get up enough speed to write an annual next year. My brown corduroy dress I will and bequeath to the cooking class, to be used in making holders to lift hot pans from the stove. My gift of sharp and pointed speech I leave to Herschel Miller, to be used sparingly in repartee with the girls. My antiquated gray horse I bequeath to the manual training boys to carry them to and from the shop. My beloved frizzly locks I bequeath to Ruth Weihe on condition

that she wear them in a fringe from ear to ear around her face.

Sixth. I, Neva Sheddriek, do will and bequeath my glasses to the 1916 Josh Editor, to aid him in seeing the point to the jokes contributed to the annual from various sources. My dilapidated equipage with the broken top I leave to those boys who have so kindly assisted me in harnessing my horse after school, to be divided among them as they see fit. My envied desk and chair in the Assembly, near the back window, I leave to Raymond Prewett, so he may not have to crane his neck to see everything that is going on in the street. My rosy complexion I leave to Miss Gehringer, to be applied judiciously to those participating in school plays in the future. My abundance of hair I leave to Ruth Weihe, to be added to the fringe bequeathed by Ella Wurz, and worn only on special occasions, such as St. Patrick's Day. My blue cheviot skirt I leave to Zelma Dainty to be worn with her middle blouses on condition that she consign her plaid skirt to the ash heap.

Seventh. I, Blanche Juett, do bequeath my superfluous avoirdupois to Minerva Weihe, to be applied where she needs it the most. My red sweater I leave to next year's sewing class, to be dyed green and then made into chest protectors for the Freshmen. My irrepressible giggle I leave to the Student Body to be distributed equally among the various members. My typewriter in the commercial room, I leave to any poor unfortunate who wants it. My hair, which curls in rainy weather I leave to Roswell Donaldson, to be superimposed upon his own straight locks. My blue serge dress I bequeath to Ruth Lent on condition that she make no alterations in the same, but wear it in its original condition. My unfailing talkativeness, I leave

to Andrew Porter, knowing that it will be well used and appreciated.

Eighth. I, Frances Brown, do will and bequeath my slender figure to the sewing class, to be used as a model. My Panama hat, which I have worn to school for two years and which is good for at least ten years more, I bequeath to Kate Hindson. My large vocabulary, which has served me faithfully for the last four years I bequeath to the Freshman English Class, knowing them to be sadly in need of the same. My privilege of queening at noon I leave to Fern Squires and Bertha Howard hoping that they will not abuse the same by availing themselves of it too frequently. My Mary Jane pumps I bequeath to Ransom Fox, knowing that he will want something to remember me by. My privilege of teasing same young man I leave to Zelma Dainty.

Ninth. I, Roy Frerichs, do bequeath my beautiful disposition to Frank Shellenberger. My corduroy trousers and black shoes I leave to Henry Winfree, knowing that what he lacks in size he will make up in conceit when he gets to be a Senior. My plaid mackinaw I leave to Eddie Hevey. My cornet I leave to the Prof, to be used when the electric bell is out of order. My old motor I leave to Mr. Clark to use in riding to and from school.

Tenth. I, Walter Swift, do bequeath my everlasting grrouch to Aubrey Williamson, to offset his own perpetual cheerfulness. My habit of flirting with all the girls, I leave to my brother, Homer Swift, trusting that he will uphold the family reputation. My privilege of cutting classes, I leave to Ellis Cakebread, hoping that he will appreciate the same and make good use of it. My dilapidated text books I leave to Adella Willett knowing that she has long admired and enviously coveted the same. My overdeveloped fondness for loafing I leave to Mabel Steding.

Eleventh. I, Joe Hand, do bequeath my suite of rooms over the Tea Cup Inn to the High School to be used as a gymnasium. My pompadour, I leave to the Freshman girls, hoping there will be no quarreling over the division of the same. My popularity with the girls I leave to Henry Barkley, knowing that he has long envied me the same. My basket-ball suit I leave to Clifford McNamara, on condition that he get no stouter, as the suit can stand no undue strain. My red stocking cap I leave to Sayde Brown, knowing that it will harmonize beautifully with her hair.

Twelfth. I, Alvin Howard, do bequeath my bashfulness to Carl Cowan, knowing him to be sadly in need of something of the kind. My accuracy in throwing mud balls I leave to the next year Freshie boys, to be used in protecting themselves from the attacks of the upper classmen. My fondness for being absent from recitations I leave to Grace Milet. My facility of slow and deliberate locomotion, I leave to Emma Shellenberger. My habit of coming any time after nine o'clock, I leave to John Sullenger.

In witness hereof we set our hands and seals on this twenty-eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen.

Signed:

Blanche Juett
Ella Wurz
Neva Sheddrick
Frances Brown
Roy Frerichs
Alvin Howard
Walter Swift
Joe Hand

Signed and sealed in the presence of:

Herschel Miller
Board of Censorship
Ransom Fox

Forge Work

In giving an account of our forge work it would take many pages to give in detail the work as we have gone over it in our course. "Practical work," has been our motto all winter, and to keep us properly interested in our work we have, after a few weeks of all kinds of work, been allowed to make various small articles the process of making which leads to thoroughness and to an experience which places us upon a firmer footing and inspires each student with more confidence in his ability. Some of the work is difficult and trying, but in the end we have all enjoyed our small accomplishments.

In our shop we lack many conveniences, but this need of various articles has inspired initiative and made us resourceful. We supply these articles by making them ourselves and thus learn to attain results under difficulties.

Our processes have involved heating iron and steel of various compositions to proper temperatures for shaping, also the shap-

ing, bending and welding of iron and steel of a high temper.

We turn out genuine hand made tools, shaped, polished and tempered. Among these articles are cold chisels, wrenches, screw drivers, different kinds of hammers, flatters and hot eye cutters, drawing and bench knives, and hack saws.

Many of these articles we color in various ways in the fire and with acids and other metals.

There is no way of judging how much is done during the term by examining our exhibit, for not more than a third of our actual work can be shown on account of our economical phase of the work which involves repeated use of various articles and scraps for other steps and phases of the course.

A visit to the shop any day will enable you to get a fair notion of the character and importance of this department and to understand how intimately it is related to the everyday life of ranch work.





GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls began basket-ball practice early in September. Enthusiasm ran high and twice a week teams appeared on the court.

LIBERTY VS. MT. DIABLO

Our first game was played with Mt. Diablo team Oct. 10, on the home court. The Liberty girls led the score throughout the game. It was the first contest game Mt. Diablo had ever played but they kept us moving. The score stood at the end of the last half 18-6 in favor of Liberty. The line up was as follows:

LIBERTY	MT. DIABLO
Emma Shellenberger	FORWARDS Evelyn Enos
Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Eleanor Rideout (Capt.)
Frances Brown	GUARDS Gladys Geary
Ruth Weihe	Beatrice Soto
Sayde Brown	CENTERS Lora January
Polly Barkley	Winetta Bott

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

Previous to this game we did not practice as faithfully as we should have done and showed it when we played Alhambra on the home court Nov. 20. The Liberty girls seemed paralyzed the first half. The score stood 10-0 in favor of Alhambra. The second half the Liberty team played hard, making the game very exciting. But Alhambra had such a lead that when the whistle blew for time the score stood 15-11 in favor of Alhambra. The line-up was as follows:

LIBERTY	ALHAMBRA
Emma Shellenberger	FORWARDS Hertha Netherton
Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Margaret McMahon
Ruth Weihe	GUARDS Margaret Swift
Frances Brown	Irene Brown
Sayde Brown	CENTERS Norma McHarry
Polly Barkley	Marguerite Peck (Capt.)

This was our last game until after the holidays.

After the holidays the girls showed more vigor in practicing for the scheduled games of the C. C. A. L. were on hand. The first game was to be played Jan. 15 with Mt. Diablo. They forfeited the game at the last minute and in order not to disappoint the public the Liberty first and second teams played a game. It was a splendid game, well played throughout both halves. At the close of the game the score stood 17-5 in favor of the first team. The line up was as follows:

FIRST TEAM	SECOND TEAM
FORWARDS	Gladys Nunn
Emma Shellenberger (Capt.)	Velma Cowan
GUARDS	Roma Pemberton
Frances Brown	Beatrice Sanders
Ruth Weihe	CENTERS
Sayde Brown	Minerva Weihe
Polly Barkley	Virgie Spradley (Capt.)

On Feb. 13, a game was scheduled with Riverview to be played on their court. Riverview forfeited the game to Liberty.

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

The game with Alhambra was scheduled for Jan. 30 but both teams agreed to play a week later. Feb. 6 Alhambra met Liberty on the latter's court. Both teams entered with the spirit of the game written on their faces, as this was to decide the championship of the county. A few minutes after the game started Frances Brown sprained her ankle and Mae Roberts took her place. The game was as snappy as could be wished for and the crowd went wild with enthusiasm. Liberty scored first and kept the lead throughout the game. The score at the end of the first half stood 16-7 in favor of Liberty. When the whistle blew for the second half profound silence reigned until the ball was put in play. Both teams showed more vigor than ever but our opponents were gradually losing ground.

The crowd stood up with excitement. The Alhambra girls played a splendid game but the Liberty Girls' fast team work was too much for them. At the end of the second half the score stood 22-9 in favor of Liberty. This made Liberty the championship basket-ball players of the county, winning the championship pennant of the C. C. A. L. The Martinez girls were game losers giving us a rousing good cheer after the game which we heartily returned. The line up was as follows:

LIBERTY	ALHAMBRA
FORWARDS	Margaret McMahon
Georgia Nunn Ella Wurz (Capt.)	Hertha Netherton (Capt.)
GUARDS	Irene Brewon Margaret Swift
Frances Brown Ruth Weihe	Mae Roberts
CENTERS	Marguerite Peck Norma McLarry
Sayde Brown Polly Barkley	

The girls in Basket Ball who were winners of the block "L" are:

Frances Brown, '15.

Ella Wurz, '15.

Ruth Weihe, '16.

Emma Shellenberger, '16.

Polly Barkley, '16.

Sayde Brown, '17.

Mae Roberts, '17.

Georgia Nunn, '18.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top row (left to right): Frances Brown, (manager), Ruth Weihe, Georgia Nunn, Ella Wurz, Miss Linda Gehringer, (coach).
Bottom row: Polly Barkley, Emma Shellenberger, (captain), Sayde Brown, Mae Roberts.

Athletics Continued

FOOTBALL

The year 1914-15 has been the most eventful year in athletics at Liberty for a number of years.

School opened in August with promising football material. During the second school week the boys met and elected Henry Winfree, manager, and Edward Hevey, captain, of the football team. Two weeks later training was going on in earnest in spite of the warm weather. It was found that we were in urgent need of a coach and football suits. When the trustees heard of our needs, they kindly donated forty dollars (\$40) to us. We are all grateful to them for their keen interest in our athletic affairs, and it was their aid that made us as successful as we were. We secured the services of Ray Shafer, an experienced football player, to coach us. We were a green squad that went through the first maneuvers and there seemed little hope of learning the scientific part of the game. But Ray proved equal to the conditions and we were soon acquiring some ideas of Rugby. At first it was hard work for the captain and manager to get some of the boys to come out to practice regularly. But gradually they became more enthusiastic, and, in spite of our inexperience in Rugby, much was accomplished.

RIVERVIEW VS. LIBERTY

We challenged Riverview High of Antioch to play us a practice game on September 19th, as we desired to have some practical experience before the scheduled games in October. The Riverview boys, however, were experienced in the game and their knowledge of it caused them to triumph. Their serum was heavier, but proved little better than ours, if any. They excelled in the back field. Their men could dodge, tackle and pass, while we

could not. However, we held our own and several of the boys showed up well. After two hard fought halves the game ended with the score of 18-0 in their favor. We profited by our experience.

MT. DIABLO VS. LIBERTY

October 10th marked the opening of the League schedule and Mt. Diablo High of Concord journeyed over to play us on the local gridiron. They were a "clean" bunch of players and too much for us. During the first half we held them down and played good ball. When the whistle blew the score stood 12-0 in Mt. Diablo's favor.

During the second half our boys seemed to lose faith in themselves and our opponents began to pile up a number of points. At the end of the game the score was 37-0.

RIVERVIEW VS. LIBERTY

In spite of our former defeats, we were not disheartened and played our league game with Riverview on Oct 24th on our home grounds. But, after two weeks of drilling and coaching we did not come up to expectations.

The first half was very exciting and Liberty did her best playing. Our tackling and running was better. Our forwards did well but the back field lacked "pep."

In the second half we met our downfall and in spite of repeated efforts to cross the line for a try the game ended with another "goose egg" for Liberty and 45 points tabulated on the score board for Riverview.

SAN RAMON VS. LIBERTY

The boys practiced hard the following week and were confident of victory in the game with San Ramon High of Danville on Oct. 31st. Richard Wallace having returned to high school, our team was greatly strengthened. It was in this game that the

drilling of Coach Shafer showed to perfection, even though the game was somewhat rough. Williamson, one of our best and swiftest back field men, was the first Liberty man to make a try. Swift soon followed. Finally, at the end of the second half the score stood 17-0 in Liberty's favor.

The Danville girls furnished us with a fine meal and we certainly appreciated it.

ALHAMBRA VS. LIBERTY

We were scheduled to play Alhambra at Martinez on Oct. 17th, but did not go on

field, the first half ended with neither side having scored.

When the second half started, we were determined to win and began with the kick-off. The ball continued to see-saw, now one side on the offensive and now the other. Toward the end of the second half the Alhambra left wing ran around our right wing and over near the edge of the field. The touch line was not distinguishable at that point, while the 5 yard line was. The opponent ran across the line that could be seen and our right wing



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Top Row: Vernon Cakebread, Henry Winfree, Walter Swift, Joe Hand.

Bottom Row: Harold Lueas, Roy Frerichs, Jack Suffern.

account of delayed train and rain. However, on Nov. 3rd the trustees kindly gave the high school a vacation, so we went down intending to scalp the county seat team. The game commenced about 3:10 and we had the ball on their 25 yard line nearly all of the first half. Alhambra did not hire a referee from U. C. or Stanford, as the county rules prescribe, but one from Crockett. Many times we were on the point of crossing the goal line, but were forced back. After see-sawing across the

thinking he had passed out of bounds stopped running. The result was a try for Alhambra and it was also converted. It was too near the end for us to get a try; however, we did our best. The second half ended with the score of 5-0 in favor of Alhambra. We went home feeling that we did not have quite a square deal and confident we could beat them in another game.

JOHN SWETT VS. LIBERTY

The final game of the league was played

here on Nov. 7th with John Swett High of Crockett. They came with the intention of beating us "good and proper", as they did two years ago. However, we gave them a surprise.

Of all the games this was the best. All our boys were in fighting trim and Shafer was pleased with our showing. Our scrum worked fine and the back field was also better than usual. Almost immediately after the kick-off in the first half, Barkley crossed the line and scored 3 points for Liberty. We failed to convert and for the rest of the first half it was about an equal fight. Gradually, Crockett forced us back and forced their way, after many scrums, over the goal line. When the whistle blew the score stood 3-3.

During the second half we had the ball in our territory almost continually. Our scrum seemed to be getting better all the time and Joe Hand, our hook, got the ball out on our side line continually. After many scrums and "rucks" on our 5 yard line the ball was taken over, but we failed to convert. In a minute or so the whistle blew and the score stood 6-3 in our favor.

In honor of our victory Coach Shafer treated us to soda water at the Teacup Inn.

BASKET BALL

Liberty was very successful in basket ball this year. Immediately after football was over, the boys commenced practice. Joe Hand was elected captain, and Walter Swift, manager. A great interest was taken in the game and there was much material to pick from. Through the generosity of Bruns Brothers, we were allowed to practice in the garage when the weather was bad. The county schedule was arranged in December, and the games were to be played in January. Riverview, Alhambra and Liberty were the only schools having boy's teams that were represented. Riverview forfeited her games to Liberty and Alhambra, so we only needed to defeat the boys from the county seat, to win the county championship.

LIBERTY VS. TOWN TEAM

On Friday evening, Jan. 15, we had a

practice game with a home team of former high school boys. It was a very lively game throughout and Liberty always kept the lead. The game ended with the score 18-21 in favor of Liberty.

LIBERTY VS. ALHAMBRA

Saturday evening, Feb. 6, the Alhambra team of Martinez came up to Brentwood with the best "intentions." However, they were somewhat surprised. The boys practiced hard during the week preceding the game and were in good trim.

The game commenced immediately after the girls had finished, and was exciting from the start. Liberty made a number of goals within a few minutes.

The Alhambra guards were kept on a lively move by our fast forwards, while their forwards tried time and again to "ditch" our guards, but without avail. At the end of the first half Liberty was considerably in the lead.

The second half started with a rush. Alhambra's fighting spirit was up, but her forwards could not find the basket except on special occasions. When the whistle blew at the end of the last half the score stood 26-12. Liberty had won her first boy's basket-ball pennant.

We received the championship pennant in the latter part of March and it was set up on the wall in the assembly hall. There it hangs beside the girl's pennant, as a proof of Liberty's ability in basket-ball.

WINNERS OF THE "L".

The following have won the block "L" for faithful practice and participating in four or more football games:

1915. Walter Swift, Joseph Hand, Alvin Howard.

1916. Henry Barkley, Henry Winfree, Edward Hevey, Vernon Cakebread.

1917. Frank Shellenberger, Aubrey Williamson, Clifford McNamara, James Cakebread.

1918. Stanley Nunn, John Suffern.

TRACK MEET

The annual track meet was held in Concord, April 24. The Liberty men were: J. Hand, R. Fox, C. McNamara, A. Roberts, F. Shellenberger, W. Swift, and A. Williamson.

The boys had a very poor track on which to practice and with no coach they found it difficult to induce any one to train properly or sufficiently. The captain, W. Swift and manager, H. Winfree did the best they could under trying conditions and deserve credit for putting a team in the meet.

Two of the team, H. Winfree and A. Howard were, at the last moment, unable to go.

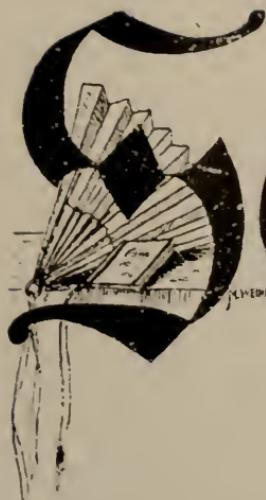
W. Swift took third place in the 440 and 880 yd.

C. McNamara third place in the hammer; and our relay team, composed of Swift, Hand, Williamson, Roberts, and Cakebread, took third place.

Let us hope that the trustees will employ a young man on the faculty for next year who can lead us in all our sports.



TRACK TEAM



SOCIED

The social events of our school days are good times to be remembered through life. Let us live over again those of this year.

First:—On Thursday evening, September 10, 1914, the frightened, shining, cleanly-washed faces of the Freshmen, appeared timidly, in the door-way of Coates' Hall.

The amusement started by playing games but as usual, the greater part of the evening was devoted to dancing. Freshmen, upper classmen, and the Alumni joined in the fun.

At twelve o'clock, signs of drowsiness were noticed among the little ones, so we fed them with dainty refreshments made and served by the girls of the cooking class. The little Freshmen certainly looked sweet as they sat at the table with a green bib tucked about the neck of each. As you well know, our rules forbid festivities after twelve o'clock. We do not count eating a festivity so it was almost one o'clock before we started for home.

THE HAY RIDE

On the evening of October 2nd, 1914, the Juniors gave a Hay Ride, in honor of the Seniors.

The jolly crowd gathered at Liberty about seven thirty and piled into a lumber wagon. This wagon not being large enough they went out of town a few miles and, after unloading the hay from a header-bed, clambered in, young folks and teach-

ers, and started for the Marsh Creek school house. Before they reached their destination, the horses refused to go any further, so the crowd agreed to stop and eat their lunch. After apples, pieces of cake, and sandwiches had been tucked away, they started home. Alas! when they had gone but a few miles the wagon broke down, and the crowd had to walk. Nevertheless we all enjoyed the ride.

On December 12, 1914, the annual Senior Ball, was given by members of the class.

The hall was artistically decorated with holly berries and mistletoe. The Seniors wore badges of orange and black, those being the class colors, and acted as floor managers. Delightful music was provided by the Shafer & O'Hara Orchestra.

At twelve o'clock a Tamale Supper was served, and after eating, all went home declaring, it to be one of the best times of the season.

Saturday evening, February 6, 1915, at the close of a double-header basket ball game, the students of L. U. H. S. gave a dance in honor of the Martinez girls and boys.

The affair was given in Coates' Hall, and the music was provided by the Shafer & O'Hara Orchestra. The dance closed at twelve o'clock, and all went home, the visitors declaring that they had had a delightful time.

The Junior Play and Ball

On the evening of March 19, 1915, the Junior Class presented "His Uncle John" at Coates' Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. It proved to be a great success and was praised by all who were present. The cast of characters was as follows:

John VanCourtland (His Uncle John)....	Joe Hand
Jack Sanderson.....	Henry Winfree
Bert Allison.....	Edward Hevey
Nubbins Goodwin.....	Vernon Cakebread
Mrs. Sanderson.....	Ruth Weihe

Luey Harrington.....	Polly Barkley
Mrs. Slaters.....	Emma Shellenberger

After the play dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock.

The Annual Junior Ball given in the "Hotel Brentwood," proved to be one of the most exclusive and elaborate affairs of the school year.

The O'Hara & Shafer Orchestra furnished the music. The dance lasted until midnight and terminated with a splendid banquet.





In looking up our exchanges we have been able to find a very small number. Of the six schools in this county beside our own we have heard from only two. If a paper has been sent to us and not mentioned, don't feel slighted, for you probably know the care with which students replace papers in the proper places. We will endeavor to do our best with what we have.

Far Darter—St. Helena—A very good, well arranged paper. Your stories speak well for your school talent, and your joke department is especially good. You are fortunate that the citizens of your district take such an interest in your school.

The Netherlands—Rio Vista—Glad to hear from you. Your paper would be a credit to a much older school than yours.

The Elk—Elk Grove—Your many stories are very well written but a little more space for headings would improve the appear-

ance. Otherwise you are a very good paper.

The Advance—Arcata—An exceptionally good paper, full of well arranged and interesting matter. No criticism.

The Acta—Concord—We are pleased to see you among us again. You have a good paper, but why do you send out exchanges when you have no exchange department yourself. We would also suggest that you number your pages and have a table of contents.

The Golden Bear—Sonoma—A splendid paper, but why crowd the literary so near the front. You have a very appropriate cover design.

La Jolla—Antioch—You are quite a stranger, glad to see you. Your pictures are excellent, but your stories could be improved.

THE HOROSCOPE

SENIORS	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	AMBITION		CAUSE OF DEATH
				FAILING	CAUSE OF DEATH	
Frances Brown.....	Frizle	Oh Poo! Poo!	Her flounce	To get fat	Simply fated away	
Roy Fredericks.....	Shatsu	Oh shut up!	His bags	To have small feet	Two small shoes	
Joe Hand.....	Bruno	Sure, I'll do that	His red cap	To be a lady's man	Walking to Muir station	
Alvin Howard.....	Rip	I want a girl	Hashtidleness	To be a hornet	The girls	
Blanche Juetli.....	Blanche	Well, y' see it's like this	Impudence	The animal	Broken heart 'cause he couldn't get a girl	
Walter Swift.....	John	Hello, Cutie!	Curls	To be tall	(got peed to death her horse)	
Neva Sheddick.....	Freddie	Well, snappy!	Brown dress	To leave Brentwood		
Ella Wurz.....	Wienie	Oh, that so!				
JUNIORS	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
Polly Barkley.....	Popes	Wait for me, Murry Ann	Good nature	Behavior on hay ride	To be a shark in H. B.	
Henry Barkley.....	Link	Oh golly! golly! golly!	His cooking costume	Being nice to the teachers	To be a good cook	
Vernon Oakbraut.....	Izzy	Oh, I tell yon later	Eyes	Going riding after school	To grow up	
Eddie Heyy.....	Chick	Oh, I enjoyed it	Head	Talking to Ruth in Assembly	To be a boss	
Andrew Porter.....	Porter	You know it	His tow hair	Having nothing to say	To have the gift of gab	
Raymond Prevett.....	Dominick	What does that word mean?	Loose-jointedness	Asking foolish questions	To be wise	
Emma Shellenberger.....	Emma	Wait a minute	Placidity	Getting excited over letters	To learn to run an auto	
Ruth Welles.....	Slinky	Oh! Oh! Baby	Her cackling laugh	Tensing	To be a farmer's wife	
Henry Winfree.....	Niggleh	Oh! Shunsh!	Pompadour	Writing to a graduate	To have a pompadour	
SOPHOMORES	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	CHARACTERISTIC	FAILING	AMBITION	CAUSE OF DEATH
Charles Barkley.....	Billy	Speed, An' use, Speed!	Sideburns	Knowing it all	To get out of high school	
Sayde Brown.....	Brick Top	What's this I see?	Hair	Lack of enthusiasm	To be an old maid	
James Cakbread.....	Jim	I should worry!	Necktie	Talking to Neva on the way home	To overcome blushing	
Zelma Dunby.....	Zebbie	Just what do y' mean?	Wohbliness	Flitting in the Assembly	To get alabam into her head	
Bertha Howard.....	Bebe	Came to think about the matter	Solomony	Not laughing at German jokes	To see the point	
Harold Lucas.....	French	Who said so?	Socks	Arguing	To run things	
Clifford McNaughton.....	Cliff	What's the joke?	New sweater	Hush! 'tany	To be cheerful just once	
Grace Millet.....	Gregory	You poor boob!	Crankiness	Flirting	Tryin to fix her hair	
Mary Roberts.....	Klido	Gee whiz!	Smile	Tryin to be up to date	New way	
Arthur Roberts.....	Hoblie	Aw kiek 'em out!	Corduroys	Being late	To be early	
Frank Shellenberger.....	Sheffie	Oh dear!	Popularity with the girls	Finding new girls	To be clever	
Fern Squires.....	Twinkle	You shouldn't do that, it isn't proper	Dimples	Blushing	To be a poetress	

FRESHIES		FAVORITE EXPRESSION		CHARACTERISTIC		FAILING		AMBITION		CAUSE OF DEATH	
NICKNAME											
John sullenger.....	Little Johnnie	Aw go on!		Quietness	Has none	Sinning all the time		To be great		Was too good to live	
Aubrey Williamson.....	Smiley	Hello, cuteness!		Cheerfulness				To be lively		Smiled the top of his head off	
Ashley Willet.....	Samanthy	That isn't alive		Proprieties				To be mighty		Was shocked to death	
Murley Burness.....	Fat	I ought to get more than that		Crunching over the nutrics she gets				To be quiet		Reduced too much	
Carl Cowan.....	Cowman	oh who's talkin'?		Gift of gab				To be a person of import		Had to be quiet five minutes	
Roswell Bonadison ..	Rozzie	What's it to you!		Being polite				To be a senior		Algebra	
Ransom Fox.....	Freslie	What's this!		Lengthiness				To be a senior		Not teased to death	
Esther Hudson.....	Ikle	Oh you darling!		Her babyish expression				To be a senior		Broke her neck turning somersaults	
Katlie Hudson.....	Kate	Oh it's terrible!		Popularity with the boys				To be a senior		Die of old age learning basket ball	
Mya Henly.....	Healy	Burned if I know		Indulgentiveness				To be a flirt		Some girl snickered at him	
Ruth Lent.....	Rufus	Oh, is that so!		small mouth				To be short		Her bratditors	
Virginia Lent.....	Gin	When I wasn't fat		Her bratids				To be a fairy		Just pinned away	
Ned Marvurn.....	Brother Bill	Aw, what do you know about it!		Being sassy				To be big		Was too mean to live	
Herschel Muller.....	Hornatus	I don't know		His lashed grin						Welding	
Georcky Nunn.....	Geo	Nobody home!		French twist						To capture a senior	
Stanley Nunn.....	Tobe	Aw, come on!		His blank expression						Being killed by the girls	
Forrest Squires.....	Forty	Cut it out!		Rosy cheeks						To escape the girls	
Honior swift.....	Red	I guess not me		Hair						Going home early	
Mabel Stedding.....	Mabel	I'm awfully good		Grouchiness						Die running	
John Sutter.....	Atom	I'm a chimpan		Naughtiness						He won't tell	
Minerva Wellis.....	Dinkys	oh that's not sanitary		Freckles						To be a saint	
				Chewing gum						Was too particular	
				Cutting up						Swallowed his gum	
										Got a gern somehow	

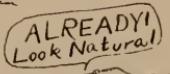
SCHOOL DAYS



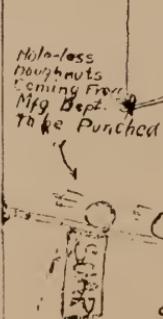
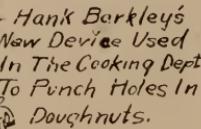
The Long And Short
Of The Senior Class.



The Junior Hay-Rides
Caused Great
Excitement.



Winfrey Is Kept
busy With His
Camera On The
Grounds.





The editor requests that all jokes be written on tissue paper so she may be able to see through them.

Miss G. (in written English Ex.): Tell what you can about the life of Chauveer.

Raymond: His father was a wine cellar.

Miss G. (in Eng. 1. Lady of the Lake): Herschel, what is the meaning of, "His suit was warm?"

Herschel: It means his clothes were warm.

Henry W: Today is Columbus Day, isn't it?

Emma: Yes.

Ruth W: Is today Columbus' birthday?

Blanche: Oh, look, that man has trimmed his wig.

Neva: Why, you ivory dome, it don't grow!

Miss Domonoske: Harold, what is the meaning of sarcophagus?

Harold: (doubtfully) Well I think it is some kind of an animal.

Blanche: For the love of Mike, close that door or the stove will go out.

Frances: Yes, I noticed that it has been treating us rather coldly of late.

Prof: Boys, can't this case be settled out of school?

Boys: Sure, that's what we were trying to do when you called us in the office.

Emma (noticing a rig go by): Did that buggy have rubber tires?

Neva: No, but it had "Slats" at the back.

Bertha: Is this of the right consistency?
(Miss Anthony: Yes, now beat it.)

WHY DOESN'T HE BITE?

Emma: Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to that of a girl's waist?

Ransom: Let's get a string and see.

Roy: One of the cylinders is missing.

Zelma: Let's go right back and get it.

RURAL RYMES.

The cows are in the meadow,

The sheep are in the grass,

But all the simple geese,

Are in the Freshman class.

Miss Gehringer: What are the three words used most in this class?

Herschel: I don't know.

Miss Gehringer: Correct.

Blanche: (Running her finger down the back of Frances' neck sings) "My boney, boney lassie."

Blanche: What is the matter with this lamp, it's all green?

Walter: It must have been near a Freshman.

Virginia: The mice have eaten my pattern.

Miss Anthony: Yes, they got in the chemistry room and ate up two yeast cakes.

Ruth: No wonder they have been raising the dickens.

JOKE ON THE TEACHER

Miss Gehringer: (coming across the word heirloom, explains it). "An heirloom is a loom they used to use in olden days. The women saved their combings and made switches of them on heirlooms."

Prof.: What is the meaning of ague?

Aubrey: A chilly fit.



There is a young lady named Blanche
Who once did visit a ranche

She climbed up a tree
And skinned up each knee
And came down like a great avalanche

WHO COULD IT BE?

(Joe standing in the hall waiting for German class to commence).

Roswell (inquisitive Fresh.): What cha doing?

Joe: Waiting for class.

Roswell: What's her name?

Ruth W: I see you're back again, Hank.

Henry B: Gosh, I told ma to fix that.

Ruth: Fix what?

Henry: Why, my shirt.

Franees: Aw, I think that your brains
have gone to your feet.

Ruth W: (Unthinkingly) Yes, that's
why they're so small.

There, there, little Freshie,

Do not cry,

You'll be a Suffermore,

Bye and Bye.

Adella: Who originated the first geometry problem?

Harold: I pass, who?

Adella: Noah.

Harold: What's the answer?

Adella: Why, didn't he construct the Ark-B. C.?

Eddie (after defeating the intention of a Freshie) Did you ever get left?

Ned: My mother always took me.

Ella: (appearing in a new dress). Is this dress easily spotted?

Ruth: Gosh, yes, at least four blocks off.

THOSE SENIORS

Roy: I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart.

Henry W: How much?

Roy: Two pints.

Minerva: He was the goal of my ambitions, but—

Zeb: But what, Sis?

Minerva: Father kicked the goal.

Prof. (in algebra): If your work doesn't pick up, you'll be kept back a year. How would you like to have all the class get ahead of you?

Jaek S: Oh, I guess there will be more class next year, all right.

Prof: Who is responsible for all this noise?

Raymond: I just dropped a perpendicular to a horizontal line.

Miss Anthony: Of whom was Caesar a descendant?

Bright Soph: Adam and Eve.



There is a young lady named Neva
She is a heartless deceivah

She flirts with each boy

And tries to be coy

But not one of them will believe her.

(Raymond looking out of the window at a swell dame passing by).

Mr. Martin: Let's give attention to the class, Raymond.

Raymond: I am.

Miss Gehringer: Frank, if you had recited that poetry as fast as May, what would it have been?

Frank: A three step.

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

Ruth L: I put olive oil on my face to keep the "chaps" off.

Miss Gehringer: Neva, do you know what the blue devils are?

Neva: Sure, they are some kind of an insect, aren't they?



There is a young lad named Walter
His habits he surely must alter

For whoever the girl

He thinks her a pearl

If only his wink's she will fall ter.

Miss Demonoske (in shorthand): Esther, what are you doing with your "I" there?

Polly: (Speaking to dog) Come here and let me kiss you.

Andrew: Do you always kiss your dog?

Polly: Yes.

Bud: I suppose that's why Jack is so snappy lately.

Walter: Can't you put a nickel in nitric acid and get copper out of it?

Miss Anthony: Oh no, only dimes and dollars contain copper.

Walter: Well put two nickels in then, that makes a dime.

NOT OUT OF COURTESY

Blanche: Aw, hit Zelma, Herschel.

Herschel: Oh, I wouldn't do that.

Blanche: Why not?

Herschel: She might hit me back.

Blanche: Is the color of this goods fast?

Clerk: Certainly, it's as fast as the roses in your cheeks.

Blanche: (hastily) Show me something else please.

Frances' Dad: Frances, why don't you ask that young man why he doesn't go home earlier?

Frances: But papa, I know already.

Frances: Gee, I smell tamales!

Raymond: Aw, it's somebody burning rubbish.

Neva (rushing into the Assembly): Who's got "Freckles!"

CHEMISTRY

Miss Anthony: What causes an explosion?

Blanche: When two gases meet.

Miss A.: Yes, but there's another cause too.

Blanche: When too large an object gets in too small a space.

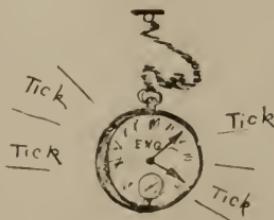
Henry: Look out, Blanche!

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT POETRY

"Tis evening and the setting sun
Is rising in the glorious West.
The rapid rivers slowly run;
The frog is in his downy nest;
The festive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious leap from bow to bow.

Blanche: Oh! Alvin's got the measles!

Ella (quickly): Yes, and Bertha's got my cap.



There is a young Senior named Roy
His watch is in his great pride and joy

He winds it in school

And acts quite the fool

And plays with it as 'twere a toy.

POOR FRESHMAN

Vernon: What is the difference between a Freshman and a monkey?

John: I don't see.

Vernon: Neither do I.

Blanche: Gee, my hands are cold.
Franees: Well sit on them.
Blanche: Aw, I don't want to smash 'em.

CHAUCER AGAIN

Senior (reading): And rag(e) he coud(e)
as it wer(e) right a whelpe.

Miss G: Please give that in your own
words.

Senior: And he could rag just like a
puppy dog.



There is a young boy we call Joe
'Mong the girls he has not a foe
On him they use smiles
And all their gay wiles
And he never can answer them, "No."

He prepareth a table before me in view
of my ignorance. He stuffed my ivory
cranium with anecdotes. My head runneth over. Surely brain fever will follow
me all the days of my life and I shall go
to Stockton and dwell there forever.

OF COURSE

Miss Gehringer: Who fell at the battle
of Hastings?

Harold: Soldiers.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Miss Anthony: If you put sodium on
water, what will happen?

Blanche (Bright Senior): You'll have
soda water.

Prof: But you had to take the examination
last time.

Roswell: I know it.

Prof: And you got 5.

Roswell: I know it.

Prof. (with relieved expression): Well,
you do know something.

Miss Anthony: (in chemistry) Frances,
tell the class all you know about match
making.

Roy: That was a rash act of Howard's.

Raymond: What did he do?

John: Went and caught the measles.

Mr. Martin (to Blanche who is chewing
gum): What's the matter with the lower
part of your face?

Blanche: It's loose.

CLEVER FRESH

Miss G.: Carl, did I see you looking in
your book?

Carl: Oh, no, Miss Gehringer I'm sure I
closed it before you saw me.

THOSE FRESHIES

Freshie: (translating German): Der Sohn
des Lehrers schreibt dem Onkel einen Brief
(the son of the teacher writes the uncle a
letter).

Miss G.: Give the syntax of "einen Brief"
(a letter).

Freshie: "Einen Brief" is accusative, be-
cause it accuses the letter of being writ-
ten.

HEARD IN BYRON SKATING RINK

Henry W: What did you find to be the
hardest thing about roller skating when
you were learning?

Katie: The floor.



Poor Alvin's a bashful young boy
Yes, he is exceedingly coy

When girls talk mush

Oh, how he doth blush

And to tease him is their special joy.

Frank (reciting Merchant of Venice):
"Tell me where is fancy bred. In the heart
or in the head?"

Esther: In the bakery.

Prof: Harold, you had better get to work and stop looking at Grace.

Harold: Yes, Mr. Martin, but I want to see her outline. (Meaning History.)

THE TRUTH

Miss G. (in English 3 to Raymond who was crabbing about studying): Why do you come to school?

Raymond: Because I have to work if I don't and this is easier.



There is a young lady named Ella
Her sarcasm she should quell-a
For what ever one's fault
She never doth halt
For say she doth ball them out well-a.

WIND

Ella: Ruth Weihe is some breeze around here.

Frances: Why so?

Ella: Haven't you heard her blow?

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"Do a driving business," said the hammer. And the barrel added,

"Never lose your head."

"Make light of everything," the fire observed cynically.

"But always keep cool," said the ice.

Miss G. (in English, after Roy had finished scanning a line of poetry): What kind of feet have you, Roy?

Walter (inside): They're number thirteen.

Ella: Where can I get "Freckles"?

Blanche: Out in the sunshine I guess.

Miss Anthony: In what country is the sea of Galilee?

Henry B.: Well I'll be hanged.

Alvin: Why?

Henry: I'm suspended.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

Alvin was taking chemistry.

He played with lots of things,

He took a whiff of chlorine,

Now he navigates on wings.

Miss Anthony (in cooking): I told you twice to make muffins. Haven't you any intellect?

Zelma: No, Miss Anthony. There's none in the house.

Frank: John was put out of the game last night.

Aubrey: What for?

Frank: He forgot to shave and was kicked out for roughness.



There is a young lady named Frances
Who oft tries to learn the new dances

She slides and she dips

She whirls and she trips

And every one howls as she prances.

Miss Gehringer: When did the revival of learning take place?

Walter: Just before examinations.

Minerva (pointing to Henry Barkley in a football suit): What's that?

Raymond: A mistake.

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Josh Calendar

Jan. 11—Gloom. School starts again. Frances starts a fire in Chemistry but Miss Anthony comes to the rescue.

Jan. 12—Neva makes a dramatic entrance into the English Class.

Jan. 14—Esther tries to turn somersaults in the basement.

Jan. 15—Zetma takes her hair down—I'll be "switched." Ruth dies, Raymond faints. Frances finds a hunk of pink gum and generously divides with Walter.

Jan. 18—Smiley falls down stairs, Minerva plays footman.

Jan. 19—The school is suddenly stricken with an attack of religion.

Jan. 20—A dignified Senior is tumbled under her desk and emerges, looking somewhat disheveled.

Jan. 21—Neva falls up stairs; the three (dis)graces have prominent places in German.

Jan. 22—Neva goes to sleep in English and sneezes violently in Student Body meeting.

Jan. 27—Gloom. history Exam's begin. Lightweight Prewett and Middleweight Miller have a one round bout in the basement.

Jan. 28—Minerva scatters snuff in the Assembly room. Achoo! Kercho!

Feb. 2—Mr. Martin says there will be no Hist. Ex. Slats goes into hysterics.

Feb. 5—Frances' mind must be wandering, she brings her lunch in the office.

Feb. 9—Polly jumps the hurdles in English.

Feb. 10—Neva has a new hair comb.

Feb. 12—Seniors have a discussion about cheese in English.

Feb. 15—Miss Gehringer gets a valentine box and treats the Senior English Class.

(Concluded on the ninth page forward.)

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Josh Calendar--Concluded

Feb. 17—Frances gets the measles. Mr. Martin peeves the kids by telling them to take care of their belongings hereafter.

Feb. 19—Mr. Martin announces Monday will be a holiday. Raymond faints.

Feb. 22—Holiday! Oh, joy!

Feb. 24—Miss Anthony puts a can of sealing wax on the stove. It boils over but Mr. Martin comes to the rescue.

Feb. 26—Cliff tries to take a bite out of Tobe's head and loses a tooth.

Mar. 2—Blanche spills alcohol on her hands and gets on fire.

Mar. 3—Great accident. Ella runs into a bunch of cows and demolishes her equipage. Blanche gets a wad of gum stuck on her neck.

Mar. 4—Blanche announces that she has to churn.

Mar. 5—Swifts go too swift.

Mar. 8—Zelma wears a new skirt and girdle, not saying whose they are.

Mar. 9—Neva causes a great commotion by taking her typewriter into her English Class.

Mar. 10—Henry Winfree has a new pompadour.

Mar. 11—Eventful day! Neva and Adella appear in new creations. Zeb has a new hair comb. Help! Frances makes a dash for Liberty.

Mar. 12—A tempest in a teapot is aroused in German II.

Mar. 15—Our jokes are examined by the National Board of Censorship and only half of them escape. The editorial staff has hysterics.

Mar. 16—A compromise is effected on the joke business.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's day is celebrated in a fitting manner.

Mar. 18—Ned Macgurn frightens the short-hand class into hysterics by fainting.

Mar. 22—An attack of Spring fever seizes Liberty.

Mar. 23—The Senior Girls disgrace themselves by cutting up in the office.

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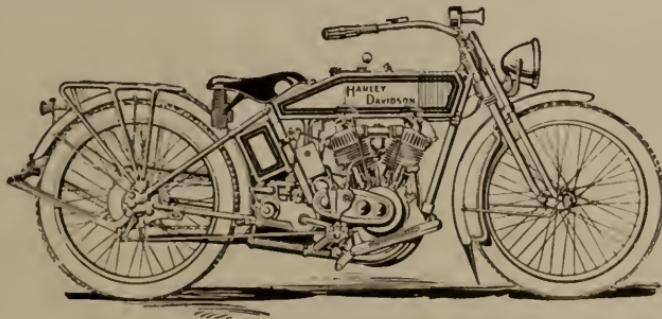
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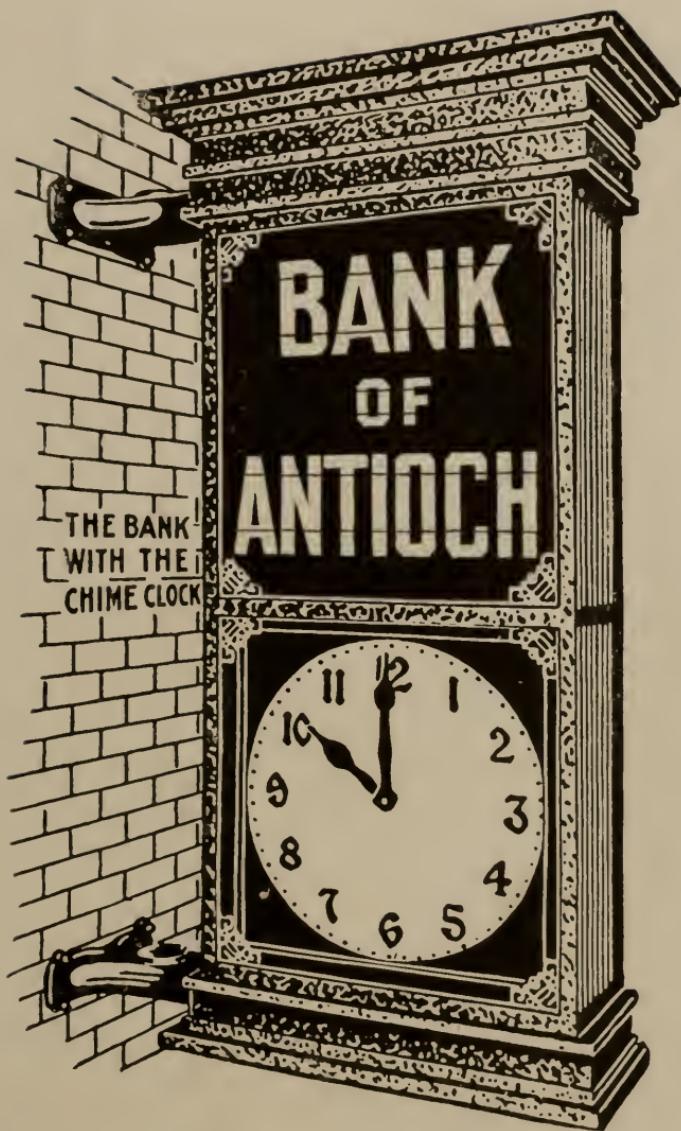
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It is not our policy to conserve the interests of a few favored patrons but rather to help all our customers and to extend to all such legitimate courtesies and conveniences as make a good strong bank of infinite value to those who do business with it.

The manner with which all our business is conducted is the best evidence that our relations with our depositors are very satisfactory.

WE CARRY AMPLE RESERVES. OUR INVESTMENTS ARE THE BEST. WE ARE SUBJECT TO AS CAREFUL INSPECTION AS ANY OLDER INSTITUTION. OUR DEPOSITORS ARE JUST AS HIGHLY PROTECTED.

BYRON BRANCH BANK OF TRACY

BYRON, CALIFORNIA.

Capital Paid Up and Surplus, \$1,000.

Amount Over Half a Million.

Commercial

Savings

Safe Deposit

"The Bank for Everybody"

